MHC

# HUNDRED FLOWERS

25¢

VOLUME 2 NUMBER 4 NORTHCOUNTRY FORTNIGHTLY FEBRUARY 13, 1971

REFERENCE ONLY FEB 22 1971

MINNEAPOLIS MHC PUBLIC LIBRARY

Mpls. Public Library
Order Dept.
300 Nicollet Mall
Mpls., Minn. 55401

MARKS MURDER PP. 8-9
LAOS INVASION PP. 4-7
ANN ARBOR PEACE CONFERENCE P. 7
WOMEN HITCHING PP 10-11
WEST BANK FOOD CO-OP P. 14

# BULLETIN BOARD

PUFF THE MAGIC DRAGON. A meeting will be held Sat., Feb. 13, 1971 in the public Library on the corner of 4th Ave. and 36th St. So. Mpls. All those interested in Live Music for every weekend this summer, please attend. The meeting will start at 12:00 Noon.

FOR SALE. '62 Shool Bus. 32 passengers. Painted Yellow. Beds, heater. 537-7635 Ask for Richard or Viginia.

FOR SALE. AC-DC portable Tape Player $20, far-out tapes. John 721-7601

FOR SALE. Muskrat Coat, size medium $30 Call 646-8447 or 331-2344 (after 6P.M.

PEOPLE'S COMPANY is processing foods. Good whole wheat bread and granola. Both are available at the People's Pantry, New Riverside Cafe and the True Grits Grocery.

FREE: 4 month old black Cocker Terrier. Must have good home, call after 3:00 821-9884.

GUITAR INSTRUCTION: Beginning and advanced. Folk, rock, jazz, R & B, Country Western and popular Beginning Flamenco and Classical. Studies in Theory, Harmony and Sight reading. Studios in Dinkytown, So. Mpls and Northside Call 339-6270 for appointment.

FOR SALE. Fisher 120 Stereo module-FM Reciever- BSR Turntable- 2 XP55B Speakers . Cost 350 dollars NEW. Must sell for $200. Kerry Woodfill. 545-4876 2-5 or after 9 1605 No. Lilac Dr. Mpls. 55422

HEAD SHOP FOR SALE. Owners leaving for more suitable climate. Only one of its kind in town of 40,000 records- Posters- Headgear-ect. Excellent Potential- Call or write AXIS, 821 St. Germain, St. Cloud Minnesota- 253-5648- Ron or Dave

INTERESTED IN SURVIVAL: The hands of Repression are at our door. The food we eat, the air we breathe, the water we drink - all poison. All to soon we will see famine and disease in the cities. The time is drawing near when we'll live together in large groups for safety. We are a group of brothers and sisters who see the advantages of communal living. We want to expand. Join us in our search for land in the upper North Country. We have some money saved but we need some halp. If you're interested in organic farming for survival, communal living for safetey; join us. Let's help each other. We can start a good life with the earth. Call 336-8285, evenings.

*Some brothers & sisters*

CLASSES AT THE NEW CENTER OF CONSCIOUSNESS: Beginning Modern Dance, Tues 7:30-9:00 and Sat. 11:00-12:30- Beginning Yoga, Sundays 3:00-5:00. The Art of the Light Show, Sun. 1:00-3:00. All classes, $1.00 per session. 1841-East Lake Street. For Information, call 729-5522 or 822-9922.

NEED RIDE TO ANN ARBOR, share expenses, contact Bobi at Betty Boop's apt. 2813-15th Ave. So.

OVERPROTECTIVE dog needs a pad in the country--call Elliot House at 822-5978.

FREEDOM HOUSE is a high school for low-income people. The school is totally dependent on private donations. This winter the people of Freedom House are operating a car starting service. If you need your car started, call us. 521-5217 COST: $2.50 Call any time after 6:00 A.M.

DUDLEY RIGGS' BRAVE NEW WORKSHOP is continuing it policy on Tuesday nights of "pay what you can" The idea is that anyone who wants to should be able to see our show. This is not to say we're taking to the streets. In our hearts we like to think we are a more expensive option than TV. In other words we'd prefer the donations to be closer to a pack of cigarets than a tootsie roll but that's just an ego thing. Any donation will do. Show time is 8p the revue is entitled "Foreplay and Afterthoughts" Tickets will sell at the normal admission price until 7:45 then we'll open tickets for donations until the house is filled. See you at 2605-Hennepin Ave.

NEEDED: Anyone who has a car or van or truck which they want to sell for under $100 call Alan at 333-3717 late afternoons or early evenings.

WANTED: Ride to Arizona, Call Dick at 333-3717.

NEEDED: Guys interested in doing a thing with music. Call Brenda 724-9020 or Deb 721-2330.

THE FAMILY THAT RESISTS TOGETHER EXISTS TOGETHER
WANTED:
DRAFT AGE MEN, or men soon to be 18 who will assert their constitution rights in regard to conscription; and PARENTS, who will openly support their son in doing so.

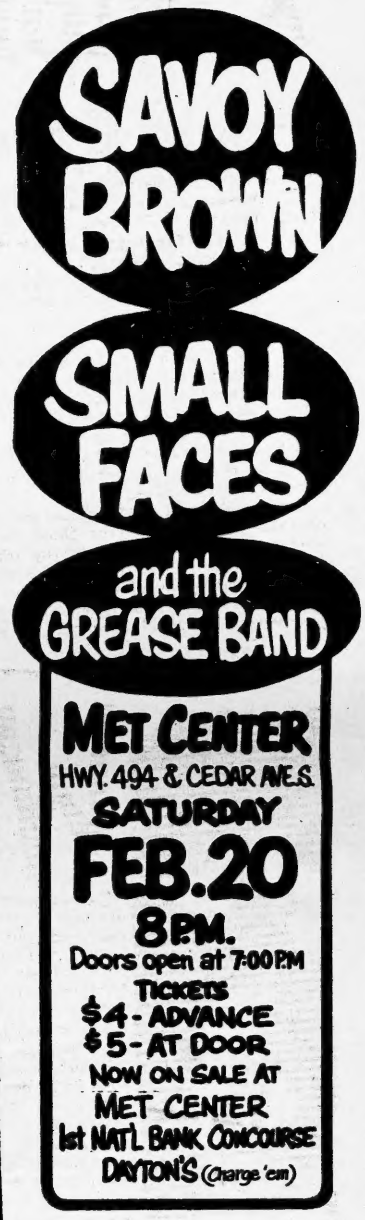
We must expand the reisistance community to include parents. Talk to them about it. There is alot they can do - especially by refusing to let their son be drafted. Be a family.

SEND TO: COMMUNITY FOR NONVIOLENT DISCIPLINE AND ACTION (CNDA)
724 E. 25th St.
Minneapolis, Minnesota 55404
PHONE: 336-0766 or 331-5101

NAME _____ PHONE _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____



# SQUINT

[illegible] TRAVEL THE [illegible] 2000 MILES [illegible] EVERY TWO WEEKS, PAPERS HAVE LEAST [illegible] AND THE IF CARS [illegible] THE [illegible] THE CAST [illegible] WEEKS [illegible] HAVE [illegible] [illegible], IT'S A TRIP [illegible] THE PAPER PRINTED [illegible], FROM HERE PRINT TO [illegible] TO MAKE THE RUN [illegible] TIME.

WHAT WE WOULD LIKE TO [illegible] TO HAVE A GROUP OF INDIVIDUALS WHO WOULD OFFER TO DRIVE [illegible] DOWN WITH ONE OR TWO OF US EVERY FEW WEEKS. THE DRIVING COULD ROTATE THROUGH THE GROUP WE'D PAY GAS + YOU'DE GET TO DRIVE YOUR LOCAL DRUGGY ISOLATIONIST MEDIA FREAKS OFF TO PRINT THE PAPER.

IF ANY OF YOU WOULD LIKE TO DO THIS, WE'DE LOVE YOU FOR IT.

YOUR CAR SHOULD BE IN RELATIVELY GOOD CONDITION MECHANICALLY, FAMILY SIZE, AND IN THIS WEATHER SNOW TIRES ARE NICE. CALL US ANY TIME IF YOUR INTERESTED.

[illegible] ARE [illegible] TYPE, [illegible] TYPEWRITERS, ROLLERS, [illegible], X-ACTO KNIVES, [illegible], PASTE-UP [illegible], ELECTRIC TYPEWRITERS, CONFIDENT [illegible] ORGANIZATION, SPACE, RAPID-GRAPH PENS, INDIA INK, DRAWING PAPER, SOMEONE TO DRIVE TO THE PRINTER EVERY OTHER WEEK, A SHORT-WAVE RADIO (SOMEONE MUST HAVE OR KNOW OF A SPACE!), PEOPLE WHO COULD HELP DISTRIBUTE THE PAPER WHEN IT GETS BACK FROM PRINTING, AND VOLUNTEERS (EVERYONE) REPORTERS, PHOTOGRAPHERS, ARTISTS, WRITERS.

HUNDRED FLOWERS IS PUBLISHED EVERY TWO WEEKS BY HUNDRED FLOWERS COLLECTIVE AND FRIENDS, WE CAN BE REACHED BY CALLING (612) 333 8471, OR 3717 (ANY ANYTIME, SOMEONE SHOULD BE HERE), OR WRITE: HUNDRED FLOWERS, P.O. BOX 7271 POWDERHORN STATION MINNEAPOLIS MINNESOTA, 55407. OR IF YOU ARE NEAR THE WEST BANK IN MPLS STOP UP AT 529 CEDAR, UPSTAIRS SIDE DOOR. WE ARE PUTTING OUT THE PAPER EVERY OTHER WEEK UNTIL WARM WEATHER HITS.

ANY ARTICLES, ART (!) CARTOONS, BOOK + RECORD REVIEWS ETC ARE WARMLY ACCEPTED AND CONSIDERED FOR PRINTING.

PEOPLE IN THE COMMUNITY SHOULD BE CONSCIOUS THAT DURRING THE WEEK A PAPER IS IN THE PROCESS OF COMING OUT. A COMMUNITY NEWSPAPER, —NOT A 'PRODUCT' THAT IS UPDATED EVERY OTHER WEEK. WHEN YOU ARE AT RALLYS, DEMOS, IF YOUR FRIENDS ARE BUSTED, OR YOU WITNESS SOMETHING OF INTEREST OR IMPORTANCE REMEMBER YOUR SISTERS AND BROTHERS WANT AND NEED TO HEAR ABOUT IT. SOUND OUT... FEED BACK. HOUSES AND COLLECTIVES ARE ENCOURAGED TO WRITE ABOUT THEIR COLLECTIVE EXPERIENCES/ EVOLVEMENTS, AND PROJECTS — WHEN INSPIRED.

# HEY DEALERS IMP. NOTICE!

ALL DEALERS WHO HAVE BEEN PICKING UP PAPERS AT POSITIVELY FOURTH STREET OR LOOKING GLASS PLEASE COME TO LIBERTY HOUSE — UPSTAIRS (SIDE DOOR) TO PICK UP YOUR PAPERS — STARTING NEXT WEEK. THE ACTUAL ADDRESS IS 529 CEDAR AV. **PEOPLE WHO WANT TO START DEALING CAN COME UP ANY TIME ALSO**, IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO - CALL FIRST. 333 8471, 3717 to MAKE SURE WE'RE HERE, GO AHEAD.

PAPERS MUST BE PAID FOR (.14¢) BEFORE YOU HAUL THEM. IF YOU GET NO BREAD, COME UP ANYWAY + WE'LL WORK SOMETHING OUT.

PAPERS CAN STILL BE PICKED UP TO DEAL AT EAR H AV. & LAKE ST., + WAREHOUSE! HARRIET + LAKE.

STAFF: DEBBIE, VICKI, SHIRLEY, SHIRLY, JULIE, WARREN, DERY, CINDER (!), MIRIAM, LIONELL, JIM, CHUCK, ALAN, LOUIE, LOUIS + FRIENDS: CHARLIE, ZACK, BETTY, DAVID, PAUL, JOHN, BILL, JACK, PAT, PATTY

# Subscribe

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

Check One: ☐ 26 issues $5 ☐ 52 issues $9

Mail to: 529 Cedar Ave Mpls 55404

# They came in thru the bathrOOm windOw

The New Riverside Cafe was burglarized again Sunday night February 7th, the second time in two weeks. All the coin machines (jute box, pool table, pin ball) were broken into, and between $80 and $100 was ripped off. This amounts to about half of the cafe's rent which they will not be able to meet now. The ten people who work at the cafe will not receive their $27 dollars a weeks pay, plus the rent for the two collective houses will not be met.

Since this is the second time machines have been ripped off, they will be taken away. They bring in about half of the rent each month, so needless to say, this last ripp-off screwed things royal.

The only sufficient evidence that people have as to who did it is that the burglar came in through the bathroom window and footprints were found in the snow. -(Cowboy boots)

The lease for the Cafe ran out one month ago, and Heller has more than doubled the rent form $125 to $300 a month plus utilities. The Cafe Collective has tried negotiating for lower rent , but Heller has refused to come to any compromise.

If their luck runs at all low, the Cafe has about ten days life expectancy. If this means anything at all to you check out the Calendar this week and see who you'll be hearing musicwise these last few days.

# A PROPOSAL

On the day after (TDA) another major escalation of the war, for example: the invasion of North Vietnam, or the use of tactical nuclear weapons, there must be a major serious response.

We propose that people gather at noon at the First National Bank Plaza (5th st and 2nd av.) with the specific intent of participating in mass civil disobedience.

If we do our work well in the time that remains everyone in the Twin Cities will know that this meeting is taking place and thousands of people will actually be there.

We have tried other actions in the past--from marches to strikes--and this proposed action does not exclude such activities; but we feel that a more serious response should take place. Such a response would be intended to disrupt "Business as usual" in downtown Minneapolis; it would not include bombings and similar terrorist activities.

A more detailed explanation and rationale of this TDA proposal (for those that need it) will be mass-distributed in the immediate future. This proposal can and should be a part of the development of an effective communications network (e.g. for mobilization of TDA) and mass involvement in continuing antiwar activities.

## sisterhood solidarity

*her fight is our fight !*

Connie Trimble, an eighteen - year old black woman is still being held in Ramsey County jail on charges of murdering a St. Paul policeman last summer. We know that her rights have been denied. It is unconstitutional to be imprisoned without reasonable bail. It is inhuman to be denied adequate medical care. It is psychologically devestating to be deprived of emotional support from loved ones. The scanty evidence thus far presented by the prosecution does not warrant the excessively high bail of $50,000- a bail which is like no bail at all for poor people. She has suffered several infections while in jail without receiving prompt care from the medical staff at the jail.

Permission has also been refused for her to see her own doctor. They are using her year-old child as a weapon to break her down by refusing to let her see or hold him. Using children against women is a common practice both inside and outside of jail.

The evidence is a set of voiceprints. There has been conflicting testimony on their acceptability. Voiceprints have been declared unfit evidence in two states. There is a question as to the legality of the method used in obtaining this evidence. She was tricked into a telephone conversation, believing the woman on the other end to be a welfare worker. The woman was, in fact, a policewoman, taping her voice which now appears as the prosecution's seemingly only evidence.

There will be a march to the jail, a rally, and a celebration in support of Connie Trimble and in affirmation of our sisterhood. Bring your signs, bring your spirit, bring yourself!

## march against laos invasion

**SISTERS...**

**WOMENS MARCH and RALLY**

Wed feb17
11:30

Pot and Pan Band "bring yer own"

Start: Insurance Bldg. on Henn. + Nicollet

Rally: 1st National Bank Plaza

ANTI-WAR

Meet at:
Rice Park
175 W. Lawson
1PM Saturday
Feb. 27th

Celebrate following rally:
theater, films, womans rock band, food;
Cochran Lounge
Macalester College
2:00-9:00 PM

WE DEMAND THAT CONNIE AND ALL WOMEN PRISONERS BE FREED!

WE DEMAND THE RELEASE OF ALL POLITICAL PRISONERS!

WOMEN WILL BE FREE!

AS ONE WE MUST MOVE TO END ALL OPPRESSION!

# WE DO THIS : THEY DO THAT

Everyday in Amerika the prison population increases and the government railroads our friends into jail on marijuana or psychedelic chemical busts. This process of cultural genocide has traditionally avoided public outrage and radical social action because the victims have always been described and treated as criminals. In reality they are political prisoners, as are most prisoners under this decadent and oppressive system.

Only now that there are over 40 million people who toke up, and they are by no means solely freaks, do various state and federeal committees remove grass from the list of narcotics and make recommendations to reduce the penalties. These new positions are just empty words designed to pacify the liberal outrage of the somewhat aware public. In the past the government has been very leery of sending its youth to prison for ten years, so the situation exhisted where thousands of people were ARRESTED for use and/or sale of weed yet only a very few got convicted and sentenced (to more than probation). If the penalties are reduced, the oppressive capabilities of the police and courts will vastly INCREASE, and not become more liberal as the public would be led to assume. We can expect if the penalties are reduced to one year maximum for marijuana, that tens of thousands will be arrested, MOST OF THEM WILL FACE JAIL. This is why Amerika's concentration camps are being readied. When the time comes when they want to round us up they won't be quite as blatant as to come to your door and say "your a threat to us, we're going to put you away now", it will come in the form of a massive "clean up" campaign of drug "abusers, or some such number from Nix On's bag of tricks. When things get hot for the administration seemingly unrelated busts increase, not only to stop "trouble" before it starts in that someone might have something planned, but also to get you before you even think of something to do. Thats how paranoid they are, and its wise to be aware of that.

to get you before you even think of something to do. Thats how paranoid they are and it is wise to be aware of that.

Ever since Revolutionary Youth culture began to define itself the mass media has distorted our use of mind expanding chemicals and insisted we were only a "drug culture", as if the honkoid one we came out of was not a drug culture. While we use LSD to cleanse our minds, to decondition ourselves from years of cross grain habits and experience, and to relate more harmoniously to our environment our parents and lawmakers consume vast quantities of alchohol to

avoid confronting their wasteful lives, and reinforce their separation from each other. They pass laws against smoking a harmless weed and we go to jail or live underground as outlaws, or as in Mark Salzers case --die.

The problem is always defined by the government as a "drug problem" or as the generation gap. But a clear look at the situation lets us see that drugs are only chemical agents: they can be liberating or consciousness-contracting. What we are faded with is a problem of control, they have all the control. Their system thrives on consciousness-contracting drugs: downers; which wrap one up, mentally and physically in a gause sheild. Speed; drugs that increase attention only to destroy it in the end, unless drug intake is increased. Smack; the epitome of drugs in the death-drug culture. All these drugs with the exception of smack are legal and a part of millions of peoples lives, in some cases the bread of their lives.

The alchohol trusts and the amphetamine/tranquilizer producing pill companies make billions of dollars selling poisons to people. Consumer mad Amerikans beleive the tv when it tells them that a weird assortment of pills will get them through their daily li[illegible]. Every community is plagued with liquor stores and bars that are just human gas stations. The internal pollution people subject themselves to is part and partial to the pollution of the land, air, and water --it all leads to unnatural death. And for those who are too young to drink and whose minds have not yet been molded to conformity by the time they are in second grade the system has applied the chemical context of BRAVE NEW WORLD

In the Twin Cities and surrounding suburbs it was revealed that hundreds of elementary school children are being prescribed a drug called Ridlin "to increase their attention span". If they react against Ridlin they are given Dexedrine. Both are used as 'speed'. These kids will become addicted to this control chemical, and as they get older and their body chemistry changes (both organically, and inorganically) it will be necessary for them to satisfy their addiction with more narcotics. Addicted by their parents and teachers and doctors at twelve...and without ever having seen or smoked marijuana.

Operation intercept is no longer in the headlines, but military operations utilizing helicopters, napalm, high altitude sensing devices and chemical defoliants are carried out against marijuana fields from Mexico to South Africa. Boy Scouts scour the countryside ripping the "killer weed" out by the roots. Trained dogs sniff out the "contraband" at major airports. Vast portions of all money allocated to handling the "drug problem" is spent to hire hundreds of narcotics agents to make full use of the marijuana prohibition to create political represssion.

All this while millions of visionary marijuana maniacs plant their seeds everywhere --a direct application of Kim Il Sung.

The drugs we use in our life culture have had a direct effect on our consciousness nad have created a "control problem" for the dying order. We do not have a consumer/slave consciousness. Glance at the whole food industry in the U.S., its obvious they are sacrificing nutrition and organic quality in food to make more profit. In Amerika health is a commodity. The tyranny of plastic consumerism has created the awful condition where over 90% of all food on the general market contains poisons in the form of preservatives, additives, and chemical substitutes for natural ingredients. In the final analysis we will have to turn to North Korea's Premier Kim Il Sung's policy of JUCHE --revolutionary self-reliance --- in order to remain free to determine our own destinies and develop alternatives to meet even our basic needs.

# LAOS INVASION

Right now, news censorship by the government is attempting to hide another escalation of the war that we are supposedly "winding down." The Nixon war in Laos is not new; there has been major U.S. involvement in Laos since 1946. But this has been stepped up greatly. And there is an official blackout on the news of what's going on.

## U.S. Takes Over French Colonial War in Indochina

The 1954 Geneva Accords took the French colonial troops out of Laos and Cambodia as well as out of Vietnam. The Accords specified that there would be no foreign troops, military bases, or arms in Laos. A "neutral" coalition government was set up, which was to represent Laotian political groupings--royalist, centerist, and left--as they existed in 1954. (The Pathet Lao, which had fought against the French as allies of the Vietminh at this time controlled about 2/3 of Laos's 91,000 square miles.) The U.S. set up the South East Asia Treaty Organization (SEATO), which the Laotian and Cambodian governments did not sign. Nevertheless, both Laos and Cambodia were included in the area the U.S. said it would "protect." According to then Secretary of State John Foster Dulles, SEATO's "principal purpose was to provide our President with legal authority to intervene in Indochina."

In 1958-59, the CIA helped to stage a coup in Laos, establishing a military dictatorship (General Phoumi Nosavan) in power. The Pathet Lao's political party, the Neo Lao Haksat, was excluded from the government and its leaders arrested. NLHS had won 13 of 21 parlimentary seats in the 1958 election, and NLHS had been given administrative control of the northern provinces Samneua and Phongsaly at Geneva in 1954. As the U.S. State Department reported, "By the spring of 1961, the NLHS appeared to be in a position to take over the entire country." Peacefully. Strongly anti-communist Australian reporter Denis Warner reported in 1961: "The NLHS controls the countryside and the odds in any election are heavily in favor of that party, which has diligently built up its organization covering most of the country's 10,000 villages." But an election in which the Laotians chose them could not be allowed.

From the early 1960's on, U.S. Special Forces and CIA were actively involved in a Laotian "civil war" of U.S. manufacture, creating, financing, and leading the Clandestine (Van Pao) army in hill areas. As for the Laotian government army, U.S. Congressional hearings held in 1959 found that "By 1958, the Royal Lao Army was the only foreign army in the world wholly supported by the taxpayers of the U.S."

## U.S. Air War in Laos

On May 17, 1964, the U.S. began bombing in Laos, supposedly to destroy the "Ho Chi Minh trial" close to the Vietnam border, along which North Vietnamese troops were supposedly moving South. Bombing--which went far into the Laotian interior--disrupted village and farm life, and by 1968, the Pathet Lao forces had active Laotian support in northern Laos and along the southern areas that border Thailand. (About 7,000,000 ethnic Lao live in land now claimed by Thailand. By contrast, Laos itself has about 800,000 Lao among its population of 3,000,000 people.)

The broken line that runs down the middle of Laos divides the eastern liberated areas from the western American-controlled areas.

On April 1 of 1968, the U.S. announced it was stopping its bombing of North Vietnam. From this date on, the bombing of Laos was greatly increased. Initially, about 200 bombing sorties a day were flown; the bombardement was increased to an average of 700 a day by 1969. In 1969, an average of 130,000 tons of explosives a month--the equivalent of 7 Hiroshima-sized atomic bombs--were being dropped on the tiny country. Areas far from any possible 'trail' were free strike zones; the devastated cratered fields and destroyed villages were photographed and commented in the French press. According to officials testifying at Senate hearings in late 1969, about 700,000 refugees have been "created" by U.S. bombing in Laos. According to New York Times reporters, "the rebel economy and social fabric are the main targets of U.S. bombing." Napalm and anti-personnel fragmentation bombs (made by Honeywell), as well as explosives, are regularly used. The NYT reported: "The bombing, by creating refugees, deprives the Communists of their chief source of food and transport. The population of the Pathet Lao zone has been declining, and the Pathet Lao find it increasingly hard to fight a 'people's war' without people." (Oct. 1 1969 The U.S. story continues to be that the war in Laos is directed against the Vietnamese. A change from the "trails" story is that now we are supposedly bombing Vietnamese troops in Laos. But the Laotian war is still directed against the Laotians, as it always has been.

## Dollars Support Laotian Puppet Regime

Economically, the U.S. wholly supports the current regime. The gross national product of Laos was about $150 million in 1969. USAID spending then was$52 million (60% of the budget supporting Laotian police and military), with another Laotian police and military), with another $92 million from the U.S. for "direct military aid." This does not include the costs of the U.S. air war, which are still classified. (Information from Assistant Secretary of State Sullivan at the Symington Senate Subcommittee hearings, Oct., 1969.) Before the 1950's, Laos fed its own people and exported rice too; since the northwestern "rice bowl" areas of Muong Sing and Nam Tha have been heavily bombed, Laos now imports rice from Thailand to feed its people.

One of the main sources of social unrest in Laos is the huge disruption of the small farmer-based economy by this dollar intrustion. From 1946-63, Laos got more American aid per person of its population than any other Asian country. Of course, this was not evenly distributed among the Laotians. Luxuries for the wealthy flood the country (more than $108 million worth of U.S. imports), while even Royal Lao Army soldiers have no shoes. And, as the Wall Street Journal told its readers (April, 1958) "There are 200 to 300 well-known families in Laos which can secure the maximum of profits in a very great import program. The political leaders are given a number of privileges aimed at maintaining their friendly links with the U.S." Corruption in the wealthy puppet regime was well documented in Congressional hearings. Inflation--which hurts small farmers and urban workers--has helped the Pathet Lao's cause.

## Official Lies, As Usual

It is being claimed by Nixon that Vietnamese are responsible for the fighting in Laos. This is a lie. U.S. government-provided figures prove it. Between 1964 and the end of 1969, 80 Vietnamese were killed or captured in Laos. During this same time, about 200 Americans were "missing in action" and about 200 more killed over Laos. This does not include U.S. ground forces, only airmen. Who is doing the massive intervention in Laos, according to these figures?

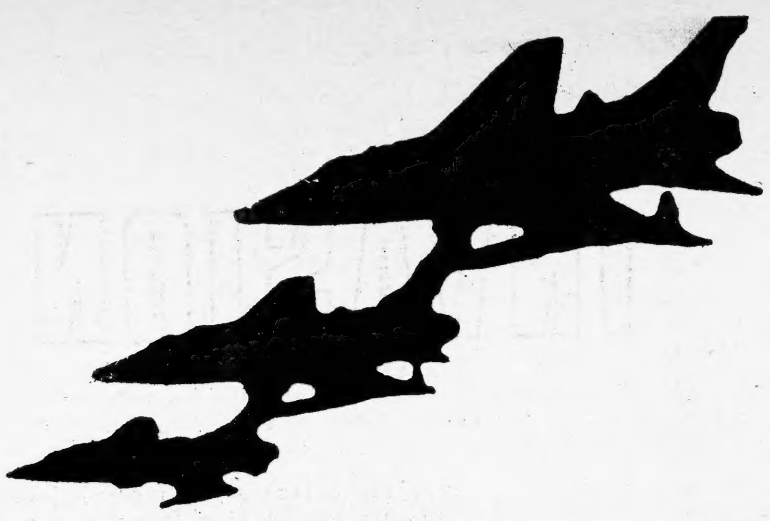
The recent escalation apparently involves massive ground operations, using native mercenary troops from Vietnam, and perhaps Thailand and Cambodia, with unknown numbers of U.S. soldiers and heavy air attacks. There are disturbing reports from "insiders" that nuclear weapons are being readied for use, having been removed from storage depots in Japan.

Once again, as so often before, the American public is being lied to by "our" government. Most Americans want the war ended, with a complete halt to killing of millions of Asians and tens of thousands of Americans. The war profiteers gain from it; everyone else loses. Lives and honor are lost in increasingly brutal American actions, such as the My Lai massacre. Other things are lost, too: jobs, purchasing power of paychecks, cities, schools, hospitals--in the inflationary economy created by the out-of-control killing machine our nation has become.

The way to stop this war is for the powerful aggressor nation--us--to stop, not to make it larger, as we have done throughout our quarter-century involvement. Ordinary Americans have made their desire for this plain. But the men of power, who serve the rich war profiteers, not ordinary people, are not listening.

from a leaflet

**PATHET LAO WILL WIN**



# A Deathbed Poem of a Vietnamese Father to his 14 Year Old Son.

*To my son.*
*I leave you*
*A foggy future*
*Two thirds of my life*
*I have lived*
*Without joy*
*My father has fought;*
*I have fought;*
*you are fighting*
*The same war.*

*Now, I'm leaving.*
*I leave you*
*Foxholes to inhabit*
*Mined fields to plow*
*Boobytrapped paths to walk in*
*Rivers diluted with blood for you to drink*
*Rice soaked with herbicides for your bowl*

*Nights with flashbombs to give you light*

*Days with napalm to hide the sunlight from you*

*Receive these, my son*
*This is my bequest.*

*This is your future*

*But may you leave your son a better one!*

*U Thi Ang*

by Orville Schell
LIBERATION News Service

[Editor's note: The author is editor of the Pacific News Service. He is co-author of the China Reader and has written widely on Asia for newspapers and magazines such as the Atlantic Monthly, the New Republic and Look. He has spent several years in the Far East as a journalist.]

As U.S. troops have been withdrawn from Indochina, the war has become almost exclusively an air-war. Each year the bomb tonnage has climbed to a grand total of over 10 million tons since 1965. (One and a half million tons were dropped on all of Europe during World War II.) The most important weapon of this new air war has come to be the B-52.

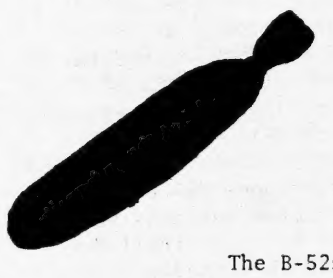
Almost every day the B-52s roar off their runways loaded with 750 and 1000 pound block-busters for their "carpet bombing" raids over Indochina. Each aircraft is capable of carrying 30 tons of ordnance. They fly at an altitude of 40,000 feet, above the cloud cover where they can be neither seen nor heard from the ground. Sighting is done by sophisticated infrared and electronic devices. This means that members of the crew never need to see the target, and few actually witness the strike since it happens long after the aircraft have passed over.

Some 744 of these giant stratofortresses were built by Boeing at their Wichita and Seattle plants between 1952 and 1966, when the last one was delivered to the Air Force. They were used as part of the Strategic Air Command (SAC) forces headed by General Curtis Lemay, who is well remembered for his advocacy of bombing the North Vietnamese "back into the stone age." These Leviathans of the air are 156 feet long, 40 2/3 feet high and have a wing span of 185 feet. They weigh almost half a million pounds, cost over eight million dollars each and are crewed by six men.

An "average daily bombing" by the B-52s has been around 250 tons, although during the fall of last year they were laying down 1000 tons a day for a three month period. Reports for January 1971 indicate that the B-52s have been flying 1000 sorties a month. A sortie is one raid by one plane. Their maximum capability in Asia is said to be upwards to 2000 tons, or 4 million pounds of explosives, a day. The B-52s alone have accounted for some five million craters, 30 feet deep and 45 feet in diameter. The craters have proven to be hazardous breeding grounds for malarial mosquitoes throughout Indochina.

Their maximum speed is only 650 mph, a subsonic speed which renders them vulnerable to all kinds of missle attacks. But in raids over Indochina they have been invariably escorted by supersonic fighter bombers past North Vietnamese SAM missle sites on the Ho Chi Minh trail. The growing threat these missiles have posed to the B-52s has led to a policy shift directing pilots to take "more agressive actions" when they find North Vietnamese radar locked in on them. To date, no B-52 has been lost to hostile fire, although the growing number of SAMs is posing a threat to U.S. supremacy in the air.

The B-52 was originally designed for nuclear warheads before the development of recent missile technology. They were due to be scrapped, but then in 1964 the Air Force found that the planes could be refitted for conventional warfare. In action, the B-52 has proven to be one of the most indiscriminate and destructive weapons in the history of warfare.



The range of these intercontinental bombers is immense. The record was set by a crew which flew a B-52 12,519 miles from Okinawa to Madrid--almost half way around the world. They are powered by eight Pratt and Whitney engines which are fed by two 2500 gallon wing tanks of fuel. But the planes can also carry auxiliary "tear drop tanks," or be refueled in the air by KC-135 Stratotankers. So they have had no trouble flying the almost 6000 mile round-trip from Guam to the "drop zones" in Indochina.

There are reportedly 100 B-52s in Asia now, stationed at Guam, Okinawa and Sattahip air base in Thailand. Chiang Kai-shek's military regime, with U.S. aid, has just built a new B-52 base in Taiwan, in anticipation of the loss of Okinawa to the Japanese in the near future.

The B-52s bomb areas rather than targets, making no distinction between various structures, terrain and living creatures on the ground. It is exactly for this reason that military commanders have continuously expanded their use. In a war where the military has long since given up on distinguishing between friendly and hostile forces in "insecure" areas of operations, the B-52 has well implemented the new tactic of "draining the countryside" within 30 miles of ground zero of any strike. Nonetheless, NLF leader Nguyen Huu Tho recently told French photographer Marc Riboud, "For some time now, we have been unable to receive visitors in the liberated areas because we cannot guarantee their security. The U.S. possesses colossal power and these B-52 raids are terrible. But of course we have means of surviving and living even against such bombardment."

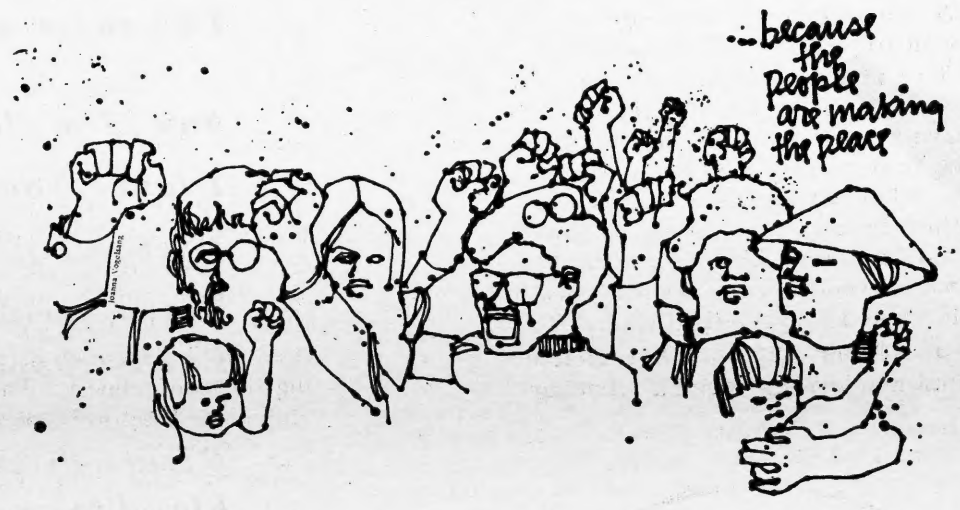
# WHY NOT STAY IN BED?

Spend the day around the house, listen to some music. It's 23 below zero out there--when you count the wind-chill. Fucking freezing out. Why waste your energy going to another rally?

Well, because Nixon has surrendered to the Generals again! (Why couldn't he just surrender to the 'enemy' and get it over?) We're especially pissed because this invasion of Laos is the most cynical, Machiavellian thing he has ever pulled. He's keeping it "low-keyed", letting the public know gradually to make it seem normal, testing the peace movement's reaction. We've got to go to the rally, check out what's happening.

It's easy to forget that the Indochinese war is still going on. Since most of the news these days bums the mind, we tend to avoid it as much as possible. Since it's so depressing to think about, we put it out of our heads (and instead, feed our heads).

There is a strange irony to this, for had there been no Vietnam, had the Indochinese people rolled over and played dead as our leaders planned they would, we would not be where we are today. Vietnam was the catalyst that most of us take a good hard look into America, the first hard look it had ever been subjected to, because Americans have always been programmed to accept the status quo as inevitable and to believe that change was as unnecessary as it was impossible.




But now, many of us who were the first to protest the war, who marched on the Pentagon and resisted the draft and who found that then the majority of Americans didn't give a damn about Vietnam, have been inactive, aloof. Some of us were "reactivated" by the immense energy of last year's Cambodian strike. But when that crisis subsided and our temporary organizational forms collapsed, an intense depression set in. Friends went off in many directions. Good individuals dropped out because the movement had not concerned itself with the development of its own people. In a movement which encourages the growth of "heavies", inner circles (often posing as collectives), and even "purges"; things can become so depressing that people are simply no longer able to live no matter how sincere their commitment to good political goals.

But our protests left a mark on our movement experience cannot be forgotten. If we couldn't budge society (and sometimes couldn't even open up a movement which is verbally dedicated to change), we did at least begin to change ourselves. We knew we couldn't live easily in a society so crass as to function as always, ignoring what it was doing to a people far away, and blind to what it was doing to its people at home. So we dropped out, cut our ties to the old ways, and started to build community, 'counter-institutions', a new culture of communes, co-ops, and conspiracys.

That new culture is tenuous, our experiments fragile, but gradually we have found a certain strength and confidence which makes it possible to look outward once again. We are still very much alone at times, like orphans without a past. In a sense, we are like parentless children, rapidly changing to adjust to an environment we are only beginning to understand. Our own backgrounds offer little in the way of guidance. We must look elsewhere to find what lineage we can. The Vietnamese people have come to serve as foster parents for many of us. They gave us our life and inspired us into being. Their struggle is part of us because had they not struggled there would be no us. To live as we have, withdrawn from their war these last few months, is to deny a part of ourselves. To say that we can create a good life by turning our backs on them is to ignore our past and deny in ourselves that which is human.

Yet, the reality that is going down now in Indochina is a bummer. Things have never been worse. The facts of the current, expanded Indochinese war are depressing and, in a way, superficial. To read that "the air war (in Laos) has grown from modest tactical air support to one of the most protracted and extensive bombing of civilian targets in history," does not add much to our understanding of the horror of the war today. But it does remind us once again that the war exists and bad news cannot be censored---either by Pentagon-inspired news black-outs or our own indifference.

Bummer or no bummer, the imperatives of the current Laotian situation demand a response from us. We've got to check out the rally.

On the street, swept by a sub-below zero wind, we are picked up by a dude in a flashy new car with a peace sticker on the bumper. He immediately announces that he is a recently returned Vietnam veteran. Some coincidence! We ask him what he thinks of Nixon's newest escalation. "It's horrible; the man's sick!" he replies. We arrive on campus, thank the dude for the ride and make for the the rally at Coffman Union.

Coming in, we are leafleted at the door by every conceivable sectarian group or its front. The realization that each sect already has its demonstration planned brings us down, but independent people are renewing old friendships and talking about what they might do with one another. "Unce Eddie' (who I haven't seen since we last clashed during HF staff meetings) approaches me with a smile on his face, and asks if I want to join himself and Dicky in approaching the "friendly" media people around town (especially radio stations) to break the black-out and air our side. Unhesitantly, I say "Yes!" Then a Viet-Vet friend sits down and explains his plans for a projected newsletter called FRAG. Would I write something for it? "Sure!" Things are off to a good start. It appears we have mellowed out, trust old frinds enough to pool our skills to collectively work in small groups on specific, concrete projects. During the last two or three months, many of us who thought revolutionary para-military activity was the only option left, have learned that people are different levels of consciousness and we must patiently, but deliberately, relate by any means available to them to raise their awareness and stimulate collective action.

But then, the rally begins. First there is trouble with the audio-visuals. Then Diane Johnson and Paula Gerisse give spirited introductions to two boring academics who give us a brief review of the current Laotian situation. The audience listens intently, however,--- eager to unravel that complex situation. But people begin to vote with their feet, leaving the ballroom, when the floor is opened for "action proposals". Each group (SMC-YSA, SDS-PL, etc) monopolizes the microphone to bait the others and hype their actions. An articulate anti-poverty organizer chastizes the audience for being "affluent", indifferent to the impending death of several OEO projects. After flagellating the student audience for 15 minutes, he finally (in utter contempt) invites us to join him at a courthouse rally to protest the cut-back in welfare spending. It is questionable, however, how many people his whie-skin privilege baiting will attract. Similarly an anarchist takes the mike to chid the previous speakers for their emphasis on th importance of getting out and talking to the troubled American people. In rhetoric left-over from last year's Yippie trip, he tells the audience of the plasticity of the suburban bourgeoisie (ho-hum). Finally, he gets around to urging us to forget about protesting and to join the counter-culture and "do our own thing." He never explains what those of us who already live in communes, smoke dope, and even read Proudhon,--- but who still want to protest Nixon's invasion of Laos should do.

I could describe more, but will spare you the details. One wonders when the people will finally say "Enough!" to the sectarian manipulators and individual ego-trippers who always seem to dominate these "open meetings" with their arrogant anti-people attitudes.

The very form of the "open, mass meeting" seems to lend itself to confusion, aimlessness and ultimately boredom for those who stick around long enough. A live mike seems to attract ego-trippers, and the more eager an audience is for deliberate action,the more condescending the nay-sayers' attitudes seem to become. Likewise, the "mass meeting" form seems to encourage manipulation by disciplined cadres. For example" during the first half of Monday's meeting there was a consensus of support for a proposal by independent radicals to rally against the war at the State Capital. But, towards the end of the meeting, the 30 or 40 people left (mostly SMC organizers and YSA cadre) switched the rally location to their choice, the Federal Building in Minneapolis. As ever good sectarian knows, he whose cadre last longest at a meeting inevitably wins his point.

I emphasize these things, not because I cynically delight in the movement's bad fortune, but because such trips have previously bummed us out. They have estranged hundreds of good people from the movement and underminded the solidarity and trust of others.

It is clear that although people are once again becoming enthusiastic about involvement, the problems which have plagued the movement in the past still persist. It is still possible for a few people who take the initiative to dominate the movement and oppress other people--thus preventing them from growing.

## AFFINITY GROUPS

Consequently, it is necessary to build a truly democratic movement which will allow everyone to fight their passivity or elitism and still accomplish the tasks at hand. Work should be done in small groups which have common bonds springing from common skills and needs. These bonds would help break down the alienated way in which movement people generally do political work together. Groups of this type could form on campuses, in the youth community, on blocks, in neighborhoods and at work places like hospitals, libraries and public schools. The autonomous groups could join together in a city-wide anti-war coalition to come to consensus on any mass actions. A central office and phone could serve as a place for people to plug into, but should not be allowed to dictate to the groups.

Only these livable, decentralized forms will guaraatee us the widest possible participation in making decisions and accomplishing tasks. Only they will allow the new spirit which is being aroused in the peace movement to grow and flourish. Where once we were a few, now we are many. And where once we were blind, striking out at a war and a society we did not quite understand, now we are strong, understandin gthe sickness we are up against, taking, in our own lives, the first feeble steps of the cure. This spring we'll be in the streets again, trying one more desperate time to end this war and to end our country's capability for another war. But we must struggle now to evolve the necessary, open forms to make that happen.

# Joint treaty of peace between the U.S. and Vietnamese peoples

Be it known that the American and Vietnamese people are not enemies. The war is carried out in the names of the people of the United States and South Vietnam but without our consent. It destroys the land and people of Vietnam. It drains America of its resources, its youth and its honor.

We hereby agree to end the war on the following terms, so that both peoples can live under the joy of independence and can devote themselves to building a society based on human equality and respect for the earth.

1. The Americans agree to immediate and total withdrawal from Vietnam and publicly to set the date by which all American forces will be removed.

The Vietnamese pledge that as soon as the U.S. Government publicly sets a date for total withdrawal:

2. They will enter discussions to secure the release of all American prisoners, including pilots captured while bombing North Vietnam.
3. There will be an immediate cease-fire between U.S. forces and those led by the Provisional Revolutionary Government of South Vietnam.
4. They will enter discussions of the procedures to guarantee the safety of all withdrawing troops.
5. The Americans pledge to end the imposition of Thieu-Ky-Khiem on the people of South Vietnam in order to insure their right to self-determination and so that all political prisoners can be released.
6. The Vietnamese pledge to form a provisional coalition government to organize democratic elections. All parties agree to respect the results of elections in which all South Vietnamese can participate freely without the presence of any foreign troops.
7. The South Vietnamese pledge to enter discussion of procedures to guarantee the safety and political freedom of those South Vietnamese who have collaborated with the U.S. or with the U.S.-supported regime.
8. The Americans and Vietnamese agree to respect the independence, peace and neutrality of Laos and Cambodia in accord with the 1954 and 1962 Geneva conventions and not to interfere in the internal affairs of these two countries.
9. Upon these points of agreement, we pledge to end the war and resolve all other questions in the spirit of self-determination and mutual respect for the independence and political freedom of the people of Vietnam and the United States.

By ratifying the agreement, we pledge to take whatever actions are appropriate to implement the terms of this joint Treaty and to insure its acceptance by the government of the United States.

# GOIN' TO ANN ARBOR

I was involved in many movement projects last year, especially last spring. My head got into thinking about urban guerilla warfare because of the "more revolutionary than though" trashing mindset that became our thing for many of us. Finally in Oct. I bumed out on the bad trips by the way that we were relating to ourselves, one another, and to the people in general. I turned to taking care of trying to relate better to everyone and got into the I Ching which really started helping me mellow out. At the same time the inactivity about the war bothered me, but I could only keep up on what was happening. About a month ago things started adding up to some serious shit coming down, and since then it has. I cast the I Ching to see if I should get back into something about the war and I received advice to be cautious, reserved, and tactful and to remember that (political) unity is based on personal affection between us.

I went to some meetings to decide what to do about stopping the war and building our revolution. Some of the meetings excited me but most were a drag because a lot of the same old trips were going down between people, and I was getting sucked into it myself. Finally I found something to get into where I felt there was some hope of a change. The Peoples Peace Treaty and the Viet Nam Study-Action Grops captured my interest, but the over all things I saw happening here in Mpls. were pretty depressing for me.

An opportunity arose to go to the National Student-Youth Conference on a Peoples Peace in Ann Arbor at the University of Michigan. I was hesitant but cast a reading to see if I should go. The reading cautioned limitation and discrimination as to what might come down there but the line (9 in the 2nd) read "Seize the Time". I asked what the conference would be like and received "The Fellowship of Men (and Women)" moving to "Revolution". No more favorable reading was needed to convince me to go, so off I went.

We went as a group of ten in two cars and left in the middle of the snow storm last week. We could only see three car lengths in front of us and it took us 11 hours just to get to Madison, but we stuck together. Our ordeal brought us more together and we finally got to Ann Arbor.

We ate an organic meal and then went to the first night's gathering. Two right on sisters told us about the political and military situation in North and South Viet Nam and the rest of Southeast Asia, and laid out what Nixon was up to. Then a brother freak who had been to North Viet Nam to negotiate the treaty told us about how mellow the people were. He told us about crossing a peaceful river on a ferry with an old gentleman diplomat and being offered a smoking

TIMES CHANGE
AND WITH THEM
THEIR DEMANDS

I CHING No. 49 *Ko*/Revolution

tokal pipe as the respected old man told how Kubla Kahn had invaded Viet Nam three times and had been defeated each time. On the last of those occasions the Kahn's navy was destroyed and the Vietnamese offered their entire navy to take the Kahn's troops home. It was really a mind blowing experience for him and for all of us. We heard an uplifting communication from Madame Binh of the Provisional Revolutionary Government sent to us who were attending the conference. Then two of the *righteous Winter Soldier brothers*, 96 ex-GI's who have been testifying in Detroit about the daily Mai Li's they had committed, shared with us how the individual guilt that each had felt as unique to himself had vanished when they shared it with other GI's and saw that it is this death tripping culture that had created dehumanization in them. The two brothers hugged each other, we all could feel their love for each other and for all of us. Some of us cried in happiness to see us becoming a revolutionary people building a new culture of life, relating in new ways and planning how we are going to stop the death culture of Amerika.

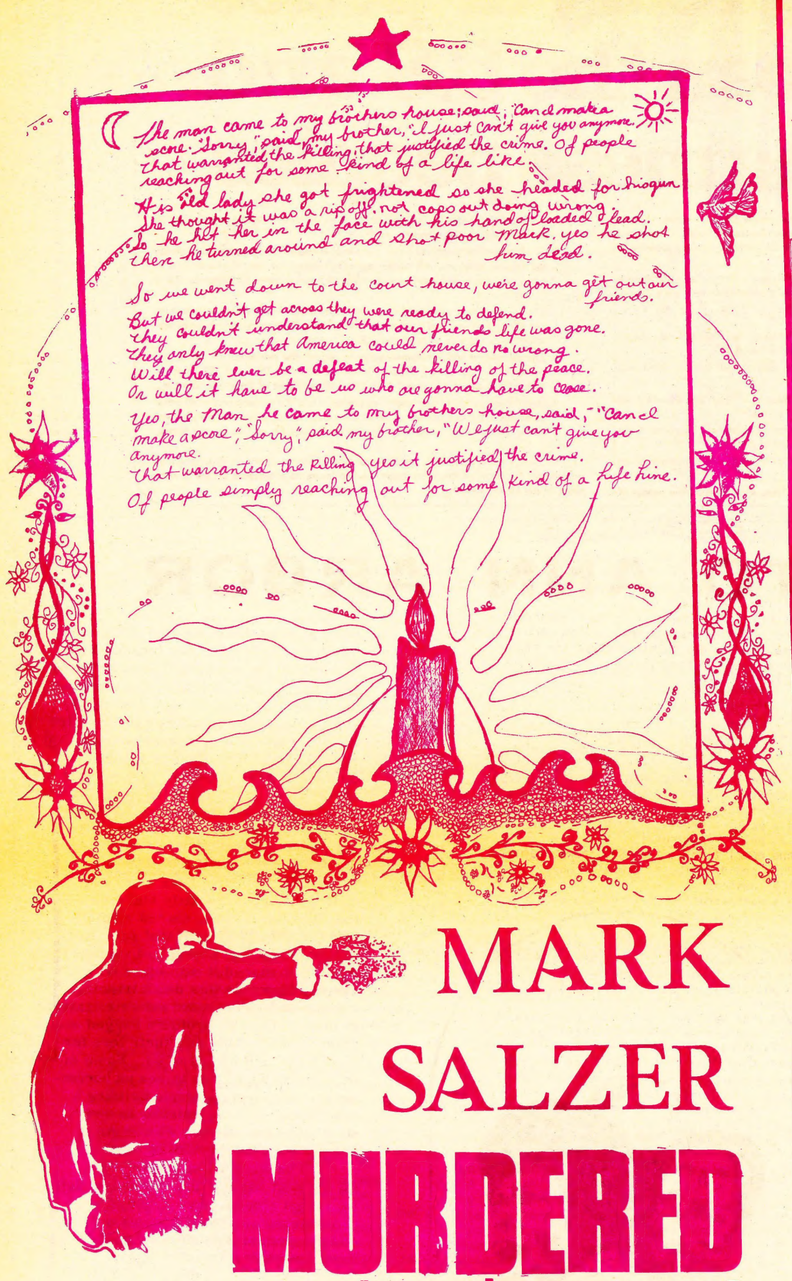
We hassled out our differences all the next day and then Saturday night we all got stoned, over 2,000 of us, and listened and danced to our music and got even higher off our togetherness. Sunday we came together again. At first it seemed like there were still a lot of differences among us, but it soon became clear that our differences were a matter of what parts of our shared revolutionary ideas we emphasized rather than that we weren't together. In the afternoon we received confirmation from the PRG that a telegram sent earlier was authentic and that 30,000 American, Saigon, and Thai puppet forces had invaded Laos. We were outraged, but we also knew that we had to bring more people into the revolution at all levels through new humanizing ways so that if the government doesn't stop this fucking war then we, the People, as a whole revolutionary people, Can stop the fucking government.

The man came to my brothers house; said, "Can I make a scene. Sorry," said my brother, "I just can't give you anymore. That warranted the killing that justified the crime. Of people reaching out for some kind of a life like

His old lady she got frightened so she headed for Oregon She thought it was a rip off, not cops out doing wrong. So he left her in the face with his handcuffed lead. Then he turned around and shot poor Mark, yes he shot him dead.

So we went down to the court house, were gonna get out our friends.
But we couldn't get across they were ready to defend.
They couldn't understand that our friends life was gone.
They only knew that America could never do no wrong.
Will there ever be a defeat of the killing of the peace.
Or will it have to be us who are gonna have to cease.

Yes, the Man he came to my brothers house, said, "Can I make a scene," Sorry," said my brother, "We just can't give you anymore.
That warranted the killing yes it justified the crime.
Of people simply reaching out for some kind of a life line.



# MARK SALZER MURDERED

## by undercover narc

*Here is an account of the Salzer shooting, assembled from reports of reliable but unidentified sources:*

Decouski, brought to the house by an informer, came to the door and was let in. He said he wanted to buy some dope. Mark says they don't have any.

Someone else says wait a minute, we do have some. He goes upstairs, fetches an ounce of "MDA". Comes down, lays it on the living room table. No money is exchanged.

Decouski draws gun, says he's a police officer, tells everyone to get up against the wall. Everyone does.

Decouski goes into kitchen, tries to call police dept. for help, but doesn't know address of apt. He goes back to the front door to check address, let partner in. Partner isn't around. Cindy comes off the wall, asks what is going on (several witnesses have said they thought Decouski was robbing them--he showed no ID, had no warrant). Decouski whaps her with pistol hand, she falls flat.

Mark picks up floor lamp, pokes Decouski with it once. The two wrestle for a while; Decouski is getting the advantage. Mark stands up, stands clear; Decouski crouched, pauses, then fires 25-calibre pistol. Mark is hit in the chest.

Cindy goes over to help Mark. Decouski restrains her, puts her back against wall. A friend of Mark's walks in the door, intending to pay a visit. He, too, is put against the wall. They all wait, watch as Mark dies. 10-15 minutes later, he stopped moving. The ambulance squad comes 5 minutes later, shines a flashlight in his eyes, covers him with a sheet.

●●●●●●

Mayor Charles Stenvig will meet with 10 representatives of the Mark Salzer Inquiry and Defense Committee at 1 pm Tuesday, Feb. 16 at city hall.

A community meeting to discuss the meeting with the mayor and other issues related to the Salzer case will be held Monday, Feb. 14, 7 pm at the Andrew-Riverside Presbyterian Church, 20th and Riverside.

The Grand Jury begins meeting in closed session Tuesday to determine whether an indictment for murder should be brought against James Decouski.

Each of the county's 18 district judges annually provides six or seven names toward a list of 125.

# WOODENSHIPS

It was the night of "Come Nature," a music/food benefit consecrating the Seven Corners Leathers Church. We were about to go join the party.

We'd just finished a joint when the phone rang. It was YES, and they'd heard of a youth emergency. In the process of busting a house, a narc had shot someone. Dead.

Two people decided to go to the scene of the crime. I got a ride to Seven Corners. Stoned, tired, sad and hungry, I walked in the door.

Sunshine, who's usually as joyous as a little girl, was sitting on the steps weeping, wailing "Oh, Mark, oh Mark." I walked past her and tried to get into music and food. But the sounds were hollow and my gut still felt empty, so I went back downstairs.

Sunshine was standing by the freeze-frosted window, writing with a fingernail: "Mark. Love thy enemies. Do good unto them that hate you/ bless them that curse you. Pray for them that spitefully curse you. And unto him that smiteth thee on one cheek turn to him the other." She drew a cross and headed for the door. I asked her what she knew of Mark.

"I only knew him for a few months...He used to laugh a lot. He had this joyous, infectious laugh that made people with him laugh too. He was just starting to get into it. And they had to go and kill him."

She buttoned her coat, wiped her face, and left. Upstairs, they were still playing the blues. Stormy Monday, or I've got a Mind to Give Up Livin', something like that. God, I don't know.

Friends of Mark met in the Hundred Flowers office about 2 am. Everyone agreed we should go to the courthouse at 2 pm--the question was what to do once we got there.

We decided to present a list of demands to the Man who purports to uphold law and order in Minneapolis, Mayor Charles O. Stenvig. We worked thru sunup, and by the time the nine-to-fivers were getting to work, we'd completed a two-page leaflet. One page was an eyewitness account of what happened, gathered partly thru a Universal Life Church Minister's visit to imprisoned witnesses. It was never printed. The other page presented the demands and announced the journey to the courthouse.

Sure, it seemed ridiculous, bitching to a former cop about the conduct of the police. But there we were, 150-200 of us, petitioning for redress of grievances outside the office of Charlie Stenvig. When you know you're righteous you present your case even if you know justice will not be done.

"Who are your leaders?!" the palace guard wanted to know. A dozen people told him we ALL wanted to see the Mayor. "Well, we have an Auditorium that accomodates 100. Could you select four representatives to arrange the meeting with the Mayor?

Bob Gallagher (charter member of the Mark Salzer Inquiry and Defense Committee), Tim, (a friend of Mark's), and myself volunteer. Eddie should go too, someone says. He defers to Doug, who says he should go because he's seen the Mayor before.

The guards stepped back, the door was opened, and we walked into the reception room of the Mayor of the City of Minneapolis. Charlie greeted us with a grin; we shook hands and began the "meeting" in front of the secretary's desk. I asked where this auditorium is. Oh no, there was no way to arrange for an auditorium now, oh no, he said. I tried to tell him what his assistants had promised but Bob, Doug and Tim joined Charlie in sshsshing me up. It was the blunder of the afternoon.

We gave Charlie a crumpled, poorly-printed leaflet and presented our demands. They included:

1. the immediate release of the people arrested after the shooting.
   Stenvig said the sheriff, not the mayor, ran the jail.

The 23 jurors names are drawn from this list by lot twice yearly.

The process of asking judges to select jurors has been criticized for failing to provide a representative cross-section of the community, but the process has repeatedly been upheld, in court, by other judges.

2. an open, public inquiry into the shooting.
   Stenvig said the Grand Jury would investigate the incident, as it does all cop-induced deaths.
   But the Grand Jury meets in private, we told him.
   Well, it wasn't his responsibility anyway, a deputy sheriff had done the shooting.
   He suggested we see the sheriff or the county attorney.
3. an immediate end to the use of secret police.
   This, Charlie informed us, was impossible. The Supreme Court had upheld the use of undercover agents, or as we called them, secret police, and besides, they'd been used for years before he was elected and would be used years after he and we were gone.

We exchanged phone numbers (he said he'd be happy to attend a community meeting), said good bye, nodded at the Man's staff members who'd been looking on in blank-faced, empty-eyed silence, and left the office.

"Well? When's he coming out?"

Oops. Sorry about that. He's not.

We'd been blitzed by the ceremony, the pompous circumstance of meeting a real live, 3-dimensional public figure.

It was not the time or place for self-criticism, however. "We want Stenvig. We want STENVIG. We WANT STENVIG!" There was chanting, yelling in the City's halls. We are declared an obscene, disruptive, unlawful assembly and ordered to leave within five minutes.

Bob Gallagher got the pig bullhorn and suggested we visit the sheriff or the county attorney. Inspector Eckblad offered the megaphone to anyone who will make the people leave.

"Here," I said.

I got as far into my first attempt at public oratory as "I think we should wait here because..." when a big white arm reached over my shoulder, grabbed my wrist, pulled it behind my back, wrenched my thumb and took the bullhorn away. The thumb was fractured, but there was too much happening for me to notice that it hurt.

Police apparently decided we were lawful, as they neither arrested nor beat us. (One exception: Larry spent the night in jail for simple assault and obscenity--an uncollared dog was in the hall, and Larry tried to protect the owner from arrest.)

People talked with each other, newspaper reporters, t.v. cameras, and Dept. Chief Wilson, who guaranteed he'd attend a community meeting.

Went over to The Brothers Bakery on Franklin to see Sue, who works there, who knew Mark.

I showed her the story in the morning Trib about Mark. It told of his background. He used to be a football player, a student council president at Golden Valley High. His high school graduation photo showed a clean-cut, short-haired young Man with a dacron noose around his neck. "I have no doubt that this was a fine person," a sheriff had told a group of high school kids. There was an after photo, too. Mark's hair flowed free onto a t-shirt that read "Captain Acid. Stay high. Good karma." And there was a certain depth in the eyes.

Sue asked if I'd been to the funeral. No, I couldn't get a ride. So she told me about it.

"After all the straight people had left the freeks sat around the grave. We lit a pipe and passed it around. Girls, boys, everyone was crying. This guy took some good smoking dope and threw it in the grave with him." It was beautiful, she said.

She gave me a cinnamon roll. I offered money, but she said I didn't have to pay, it was one of her last days at the bakery.

"One of the brothers found out we knew Mark and fired us. I guess I'll be leaving town soon. The Brothers can stuff their faces with corned beef sandwiches forever, for all I care."

A community meeting was arranged for Friday, at the Andrew-Riverside Presbyterian Church. 100-150 concerned community members attended. No government officials did.

Eddie Felien got the meeting rolling and kept it in motion. Apparently the pace was too fast for some ("Let's thoroughly discuss the proposals") and too slow for others (a steady trickle headed for the exit).

There were proposals in two areas:
FIRST, what to do about the Salzer case:
blitz city officials with phone calls
get workers, students, professionals to sign petitions
arrest Stenvig on conspiracy charges
hold a peoples tribunal on the case (and on secret police in general)
demand equal time to the WCCO show on drugs
produce and distribute "James Decouski--UNWANTED" posters
hold a demonstration Tuesday, the time the Grand Jury was scheduled to convene

SECOND, how to reconstruct our communities to insure such incidents won't happen again.
begin a West Bank Police Review Board
hold political education meetings to discuss informers
demand that West Bank patrolmen be disarmed
start a phone tree so anyone busted can get immediate help of brothers and sisters
conduct drug teach-ins in straight neighbor hoods to counteract vicious government anti-psychedelics propaganda
get an amendment calling for community control of police (precinct stations, all cops in area from area) on the spring election ballot
start a citizens patrol to tail squad cars
form a peoples peace patrol, and demand that city cops stay away

After a couple of hours there were no more suggestions. We took a ten-minute break. We regrouped in committees to discuss the proposals --about 30 people, mostly folks who take responsibility for every march, demo, project, action, remained.

The result: of those 14 serious, concrete fantasies only one has entered the realm of reality.

That was the Tuesday demonstration, which turned into a sometimes-silent, single file memorial march from Mark's apartment to the Grand Jury room.

Since July, there's been a city ordinance saying that parades downtown must follow one of three routes. Mark's house wasn't on any of these routes.

But the permit was granted. It said we had to march "not less than two abreast", (all right kids, get a partner and line up) and it said the march was over at 4th and Washington.

The Spectre of Death led 150-200 of us from Mark's house down Franklin past the Dairy Queen, Chick n Steak, the Holiday, over the "freeway" to the Heller-Segal plantation and the State U., past the filthy warehouses of Washington Avenue, one of the few routes thru the no man's land to be filled by 35W, and across 4th (with the aid of police crossing guards) to the courthouse.

We climbed the four flights of stairs leading to the Grand Jury room, definitely not in single file and not really silently. Flowers and the "In Memorium" banner which led the march were placed on the floor outside room 408, as riot-equipped guards looked on (the TAC squad was hidden under the first floor flight of stairs). Flashbulbs popped, cameras grinded, and no one said anything. We dispersed; some reassembled in the lobby, others in front of the mayor's office (he was busy in a property tax meeting) others got lost in the maze of hallways.

To a lot of movement people, the march must have seemed a silly, liberal cop out, reaffirming their suspicions that Minneapolis is a time warp. After Chicago, after Santa Barbara, after Berkeley, you wanna march in silence? Candlelight vigils went out with the corvair, kid, if not the Edsel.

Some marchers paid too much attention to the cars and cameramen to get into it. But if you were silent and self-contained, the trip became a walking asana.

Here's a brief outline of the way mine went:
Thousands of white, middle class kids have turned on--to mind-expanding drugs, to sharing, to joy, to organic, natural foods; to spirit; and dropped out, deserting death-drugs, competition, sarcasm, plastic foodstuffs, cynicism. We put the death-tripping Monster out of sight and out of mind in order to build our own heads, values, communities.

We didn't like Amerika, so we left it. We put the Monster out of sight and out of mind in order to build our own heads, values, communities. We haven't completed that work, but we've got a good, strong base--we know we'll never drop back in, and we have a good idea of what we're building.

But we can't ignore Amerika; Mark's death should at least serve to remind us of that fact. The Military-Industrial-Educational-Governmental complex won't let the Vietnamese live as they wish; how could we be so naive as to think it would let us be?

Now that we've got a bit of our shit together, we must begin to relate to the majority that didn't react with anguish and anger to Mark's death; the people who continue to mind business as Cambodia and Laos are invaded; the folks who didn't believe Nixon when he called for revolutionary change and placing power in the hands of the people, but aren't ready to work with us, either.

Students, workers, professionals, stay-at-home wifes, the elderly, the babies, Indians, blacks, chicanos, gay people, women, winos--all are our natural allies.

We have been to a foreign land, and learned to laugh again; now we must return to our native land and enlist the support of our land-locked brothers and sisters.

If we don't, the Man can obliterate our communities as easily as he elliminates ant colonies: push the button on the can of Raid, and it's all over.

# WOMEN

I've been hitching for a while now and have never had any really serious incidents. Yet every time I hitch I have to take a lot of things into consideration. Everyday when we walk down the street we get attacked verbally by men. When hitchiking we leave ourselves open for a lot more than just verbal attack. We've got to realize this and be careful.

I really like to hitch. I like being able to get to places on my own without adding to the traffic or worrying about the upkeep of a car. I like the feeling of encountering people for just a short time; rapping with them about simple things. The experience of being with people whose heads are in different places can be really good for you.

A lot of times men pick up women for really perverted reasons...because they like to be seen with women in their car, or because they want to hurt you - mentally or physically.

Experience is the best teacher. I have learned a lot about hitching by hitching. Maybe I can pass on a few of the things I've observed and it might make it easier for you.

Thanks to Ranny from "the Bridge" for the help from her article

## LAWS OF THE MAN

It is legal to hitch in Mpls. as long as both feet are on the curb, but one foot pleases the man. Hitching is illegal in St. Paul, no matter where you stand but they usually don't bother you.

In the states where I've been, its legal to stand before the toll booth on the ramp for interstate hitching. It's always illegal to stand on the interstate itself but its sometimes worth the risk since you usually get a ride within 5 min. If your luck is against you though and you run into a law enforcing agent who wants to bust someone, it doesn't really matter if you're hitching legally or not.

But you can at least be prepared by familiarizing yourself with the types of patrols that will be a threat to you. Some of them are city, state, highway patrol (state and highway patrol are different and the H. patrol is the worst - no mercy) and, of course, unmarked. In some states, Penn. for example, there are about 20 or more undercover pigs who drive big flat-trucks and pick up hitch-hikers or "suspicious looking" people and check you out by listening to you rap. They have little tape recorders on their belts and will bust you for anything, for ripping off a carrot from a garden... be cool. Don't rap openly unless you're sure of what you're doing. Getting busted like this is such a drag since you lose time and probably $.

The rap for hitching is $5-300 and/or up to 90 days, or a warning ticket, or a friendly rap of a ride to the state border - to your advantage. (the last thing happens infrequently, but it's a nice ride when it does). If you want the last thing to happen to you, your chances are best if you know how to relate to the man as they want you to. Just be mellow, I mean don't get self-righteous about what he is and what you are. But don't speak too much, since if he's really serious he can hold it against you. Don't lie either - they can check you out in D.C. by radio in just a matter of minutes... and they usually do.

Being a woman you can take advantage of being one of the "weaker sex." Play up your role - you're happy to see the police, your savior. Tell them you need a ride to the state border or a roadside gas station, you didn't mean to be on the highway, but the people who you were riding with turned out to be really mean. You had an argument and got out of the car. Or, your fiance' (they dig that word) told you to get out of the car. You'll find that the man will sympathize with you and feel very sad about seeing a "hurt" woman.

Dwell on it! You'll get your ride. But if you can't escape your pride for that long, then be willing to face the consequences of your "arrogance" - night in jail.

## CODE OF THE PEOPLE

The laws of the police are important and easy to understand, but the silent laws of the people are the most important. A good way to make these hitch-hiking rules for yourself is simply by exchanging places when a question comes up. If you were standing on a corner hitching in minus 20 degrees, would you appreciate it if a hitch-hiker came and stood in front of you? Most people would find this aggravating, so most people don't do it. The rules of the road are based on instinct and that should be to be considerate of your sisters and brothers.

You also have to be considerate of the drivers. Stand in a place where you can be seen clearly, there has to be a space behind you where a car can stop safely; and don't stand in the middle of the road.

If you can be seen at the curb, stand there. It's safest for everyone. When you get a ride, it's nice, if there are other people on the road, to ask your driver to pick them up also.

## SELECTING RIDES

Some days go by when most of the rides that stop for you would turn out to be a drag if you took them. So you've got to be very selective, and wait and know you'll get to where you're going eventually.

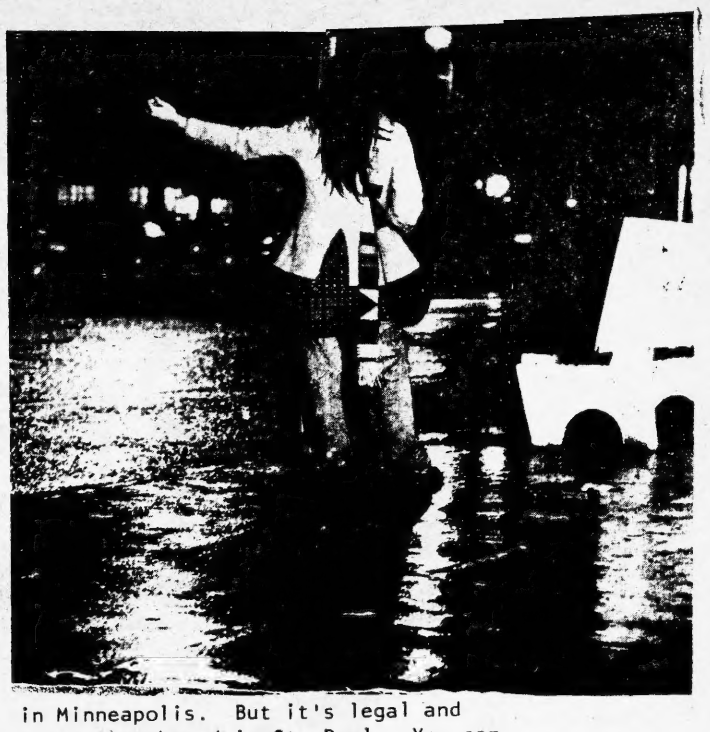
There are all sorts of obvious ways to see what kind of ride is stopping for you. I refuse rides with more men in the car than people I'm hitching with. You can sometimes tell what kind of driver he is by the kind of car he is driving. A VW is usually a more earthy ride than a waxed-up big car. You can usually see if the ride is good by the response you get to questions such as "Where are you going." If it seems like he doesn't know or acts at all strange don't take the ride. Never take a ride if there is a brother hitching before you and the ride stops just for you - the driver is choosing sexes and will hassel you - unless it's a sister. But at least ask if he'll pick up your brother and if not forget it. Before you get into a car, see if the driver is drunk, exposing himself, weapons visible, or if it's one of those cars where the driver has control over the door lock.

Refusing rides is a simple thing to do. Just say "no" or "I'm going the wrong way", or "you're going the wrong way",...but say no and stick to it. Long discussions with the ' ers don't help situations any.

## ONCE IN THE CAR...

When you're in the car there are a few things you should do...like never get between people, sit next to the door and know how to open it from the inside for a quick split. Another thing is if there is more than one of you, one should go in back. You have more control over situations that might come up since you are spread out. When you get out don't forget your friend. If it's a two-door car, she'll have to be alone in the car for a few seconds when you get out, so keep your connection with her by helping her out--hold her hand.

# HITCHING



Just use common sense. Rap confidently and be friendly, but get into no heavy lines. For example, a ride might be fine, but you might fuck it up by saying the wrong things - be clear. If you get a ride with a Bircher, don't go speaking of your political line. Agree with him for as much as possible, unless you feel it's safe enough to turn him on to some new ideas. Also, don't take rides to your door. Get out a few blocks away and walk the rest. Men will sometimes come back and bother women at their homes.

## SELF-DEFENSE

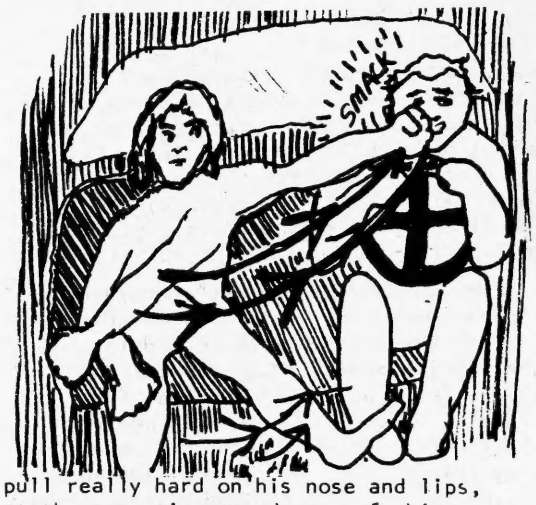
If you have misjudged your ride and things do get heavy, the most important thing to do is to act quickly, carefully, and confidently. Whatever you decide to do, take into consideration yours and his physical capability, traffic, speed of the car (any crash over 50 would most likely be fatal) and what you think the driver really wants to do to you. First and foremost: try to get out of the car. Keep your mind on this at all times, at any stop sign or light, or hesitation--just get away from the car fast.

There are many ways you can deal with a situation: verbally - this is the safest way and the one you've got to get good at. You can first, in a casual way, say that there goes a friend and you've got to see her...let me out please...or just demand firmly to be let out immediately. I personally don't think threatening is a good thing to do, because it might scare him to let you out. Maybe you can convince him of his error in thought and why he shouldn't bother you. Maybe an "aren't you ashamed" approach would be effective. You can also try to draw his attention to other things long enough for you to get out of the car. Tell him there is a police car behind you or he is about to hit something, etc.

Attracting attention - If it is daylight and there is traffic around, if you can't get out for some reason, you can make a scene which will attract public attention. Screaming and making huge gestures will usually upset him enough to let you go. You can yell out the window, but if you do this you've got to be willing to get the organized law involved.

Physical defense - Being women, it's really important to know some form of physical self-defense. If you haven't learned yet, here are a few things you can do. Sock him really hard in the face with your left fist. Tuck your thumb tightly over the first two knuckles, swing your fist from the right shoulder, straight across the body into the face, making contact with the back of the hand at the knuckles. (see diagram)

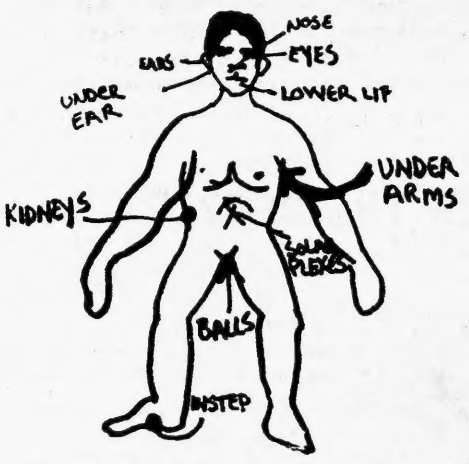
You can also poke him in the eyes,




pull really hard on his nose and lips, at the same time you do any of this kick his foot so he doesn't step on the gas. Check the traffic beforehand to see what kind of danger you might be in if the car veered off the road.

He'll probably hit the brakes, so get out fast! Don't hesitate, he'll really be mad by now. Just get away fast. Be sure to brace yourself for a quick stop, so that you don't get hurt. If you're stopping really fast or might crash, then: tuck your head down, chin touching your chest, so that you have some control over your head to avoid whiplash. Brace your feet against the back of the floor, but don't lock your knee joints in place. Let all your muscles be tense but keep your knees flexible so that your body will give with the crash. Try to save your right arm to protect your head with (this is a good thing to do whenever you're in a car that might crash).

Some women around the cities are learning some forms of self-defense and may soon be able to teach their sisters what they've learned. In the meanwhile, I recommend you to check out "The Anarchist Cookbook" by William Powell. The chapter on Natural, Non-Lethal, and Lethal Weapons. Then you might get a perspective on the vulnerability of the human body.




Weapons - Don't carry any weapon unless you are adept at using it and are prepared to. Weapons will turn against you...except tear gas. There is a city ordinance against any form of Tear gas in Minneapolis. But it's legal and can be purchased in St. Paul. You can get a can of aerosol Tear gas at some pet stores in St. Paul. Only the aerosol type is legal and any kind that has to be shot or thrown is illegal (cannisters). If you use tear gas on your oppressor it would probably freak him out and you're probably used to it. If not, you can get used to it. It's so important to have enough sense to not carry or threaten with a weapon. "I would rather fight a man with a knife, without a knife myself, if the person did not know how to use it - meaning that I had two hands free, where he had the hindrance of a weapon he was not skilled in using." Anarchist Cookbook.

## THINGS TO REMEMBER

For long distance travel, remember to wear clothes suitable to the temperature. Dress in clothes that are comfortable but cover your skin. Pull your hair back so as not to antagonize the driver - the man.

Be sure of yourself or get off the road - once you're uptight, you've had it. Hide in the woods and go to sleep until morning or have the man take you in until the morning...better than being raped. Try to avoid hitching long distance at night. If you must and you're on the turnpike, get rides into those nicely lighted secure Howard Johnsons by the road and stand between the parking lot and the turnpike.

Stash dope in a place where it can easily be thrown away. Or leave it a few feet from you - but don't forget it in the excitement of getting a good ride - comes in handy on those long stretches.

Hitch in twos and in the city, it's best not to hitch after 3 or 4 o'clock in the morning. Men are out cruising then.

If you know of any sisters who have cars and aren't into the habit of picking up their less fortunate sisters... explain to them why they should. For long distance, it really helps to make a sign for where you want to go and carry as little as possible.

Chant if it gets heavy: Nam myo Ho Ren Gey Kyo. Good luck!

Commune
a documentary film
made by the documents themselves about a rural Minnesota Commune in the Summer of 1969.
For Rentals call 827-3381

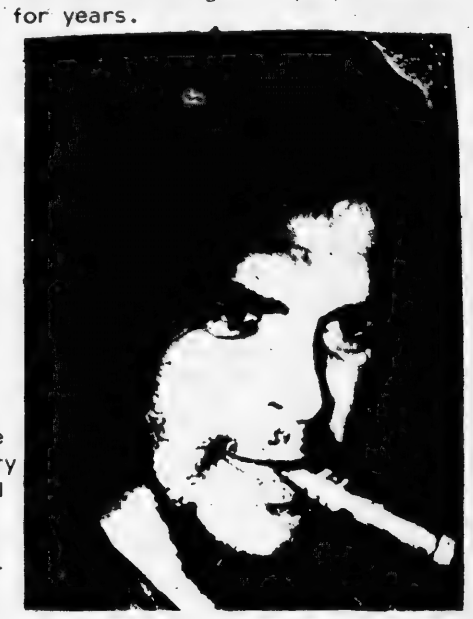
Goodies by Keys
Organic Foods
GOOD KARMA!
GOLDEN STAR Co-op

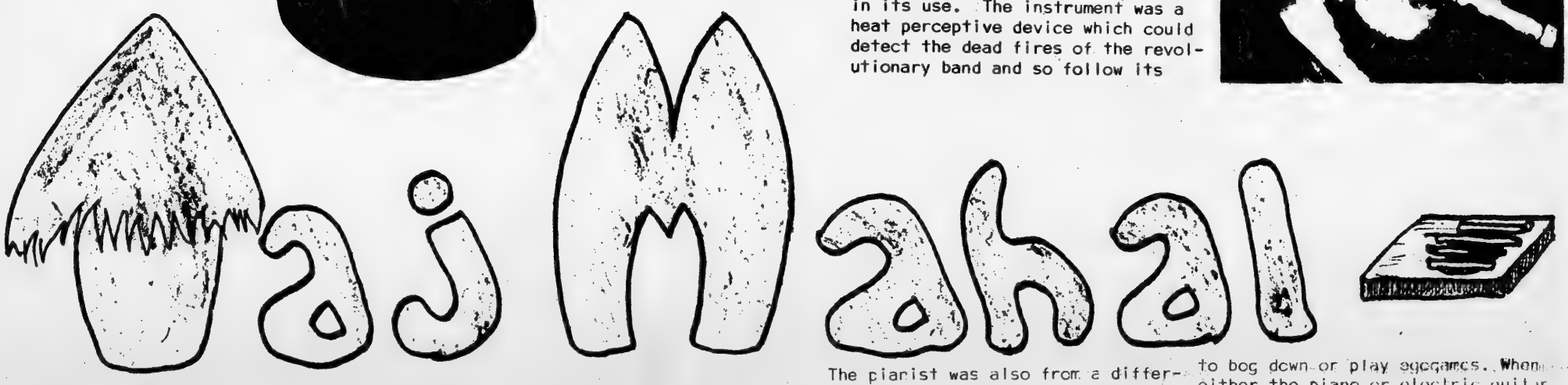
The University Camera Club showed the movie, Che, a little while ago. The film is not the realistic representation of a man or a movement, but it is the powerful Hollywood propaganda of a threatened Establishment. The political message of the show is that Che is the hero of the Cuban revolution and Castro was a selfish incompetent. Che and Fidel had differences in which Che's real nature as a revolutionary who cared about the whole of mankind outshone the darker personality of Castro, who could only care about his own small island. In other words, Che, the hero, is dead. Fidel Castro, the "shuck" is alive and ruling Cuba.

After freeing Cuba, the Hollywood Guevara marched on Bolivia where his energies grew inward and sickly. He became a brutal outlaw dictator, who never won the support of the Bolivian people. The most outrageous stagement that the movie makes about Bolivia was that it was not the CIA who tracked down Che but an angered Quechua Indian peasant who turned him in to the Bolivian government, because all the fighting and revolutionary "noise" scared his goats and made their milk dry up.

In actual fact the situation was quite different. Che was captured only with the aid of a device which was designed at the University of Michigan and the CIA was trained in its use. The instrument was a heat perceptive device which could detect the dead fires of the revolutionary band and so follow its speed of movement, direction. The tool was so sensitive that it could register and record the heat retained in the earth around campfires which were three days dead. Also, it could pick up the body heat of the rebels themselves from a great distance away so they could be pinpointed and surrounded.

The movie is a sugar pill, whose only real substance is falsehood. It is a very hard pill to take. What is not hard to follow is the thought that lies so blatant would be presented to the public. It is obvious that an oppressor would not want his slave to know about freedom and would twist the voice of liberty around to sound like the screams of frustration and madness. In fact, Hollywood has been serving that purpose for years.






When Taj Mahal was at the Guthrie last week, I saw him for the first time in person; it was a good first impression. He was sure of himself, and so let the audience relax- we knew we could trust him to carry the show. It seemed that he could do anything he wanted to, take us anywhere he wanted to.

He played the first set by him self, and introduced the direction of his message. He began where all black people begin - in Africa. He sat there in his golden robe and told us about African music and people, and the instruments that have talked a black language for centuries. Starting with the simple wood block, and ending with the banjo, Taj Mahal showed us the powerful African influence on modern American music. The banjo is an African instrument brought to this country by slaves in chains, preserved and perfected by Southern field workers. He told us in his slow, steady voice how he grew up in the South, and how he got into music because he felt that blacks were becomming Americanised faster than we were ready to, and we were leaving some of the best parts of our African heritage lost in the past.

As he told of his experiences in a growing sophisticated world, how he went from playing guitar and harp on street corners to playing guitar and signing in bars, the band came on stage. The group looked like a cross between heavy Black Panthers, and hard core freaks. The black men in the brass section were dressed in leather and tweed; the white electric rhythm section was very informal in blue jeans and old shirts. The brass section played very heavy soul lines behind Taj Mahal, and gave the show harmonic power. They found a way to play usually heavy instruments (bass trombone, baritone sax, valve trombone, flugelhorn) and make them supple, and free-flowing. With the use of dissonance, they could sound solid but not heavy; tight but spontaneous. At one point all of them took out tubas and the four of them played in unison - the same intervals but different scales, producing penetrating vibrations. After that number the brass section began to alternate instruments; for one statement the trombonist would play trumpet, and for another, maybe, tuba. Versatile sounds and people.

The drummer fit right in with Taj Mahal and the brass. He knew how to explode into a solid wall of sound when needed, or more often how to accent and support a statement made by another musician. He did not keep time in the same way that most drummers do. The drums were instead a voice, a tuneless song with no real real direction of its own, but together with the changing rhythyms of the brass, managed to say alot.

The electric guitarist played some really good back-up changes behind the group, but his improvisations did not seem to fit in with the rest of, the sound. He played out of an acid rock bag, but was too restricted a musician to pull it off. His tight voicings were more of a hindrance than a help.

The pianist was also from a different scene. His was a classical ability instead of the more creative music that sprang from the rest of the group. He played what was written very well and the sound was complete. But when it was necessary to be creative, the sound that came from the electric and accoustic pianos was that of a well shooled intellectual trying to have soul.

Taj Mahal was the leading directional force of the group, and he did it well. But it was the bassist who kept things together. He was the time, soft but sure. There was no hint of macho ego power tripping that almost every electric bassist displays. Because the bass, especially electric, is the center, the foundation of the group, he has to be right on in many ways. He is the pulse, the heartbeat of the group - he can't afford to bog down or play egegames. When either the piano or electric guitar got too far out in left field, it was the bass who kept the sound light. There seemed to be a different aura about him than the other musicians.

The overall sound of the group was overwhelmingly powerful. The energy of the black movement was behind them, pushing and directing each phrase to become a meaningful statement. Seemed that Taj Mahal used the rock "musicians Mahal used the "rock" musicians to blend two very powerful movements into unified action. But it was not unified because the black members of the group, the brass section, were on their own trip, as were the white men in the band. Musically, they were great - they all really got it on. But the vibes that each member gave off were conflicting.

There was no human communication coming from most of the members black or white. There were three people, besides Taj himself, in the whole group that had the spark of life in their eyes, the rhythym of self trust and contentment in their bodies. One was the first member of the brass section (baritone sax); one was the white drummer; the other was the bassist. Those were the people that really supported the flood of emotion and truth that Taj Mahal music created.

The Guthrie is a hard place to get into anything really heavy, because it is designed for audience observation, instead of participation. As we experienced Taj Mahal, energy built up inside of us, filling everybody until they had to temporally break the contact with him. It got so intense at times, people wanted to dance about the stiff setting made anything but just sitting, and maybe self conciously clapping hands, uncomfortable.

But even with those settings, Taj Mahal show was informative and moving. He let us experience the story of music from its primitive African beginnings to the modern nine piece band. The whole point of the evening was that it's all the same thing.

# TWO READERS RELATE to BLOOD of the CONDOR

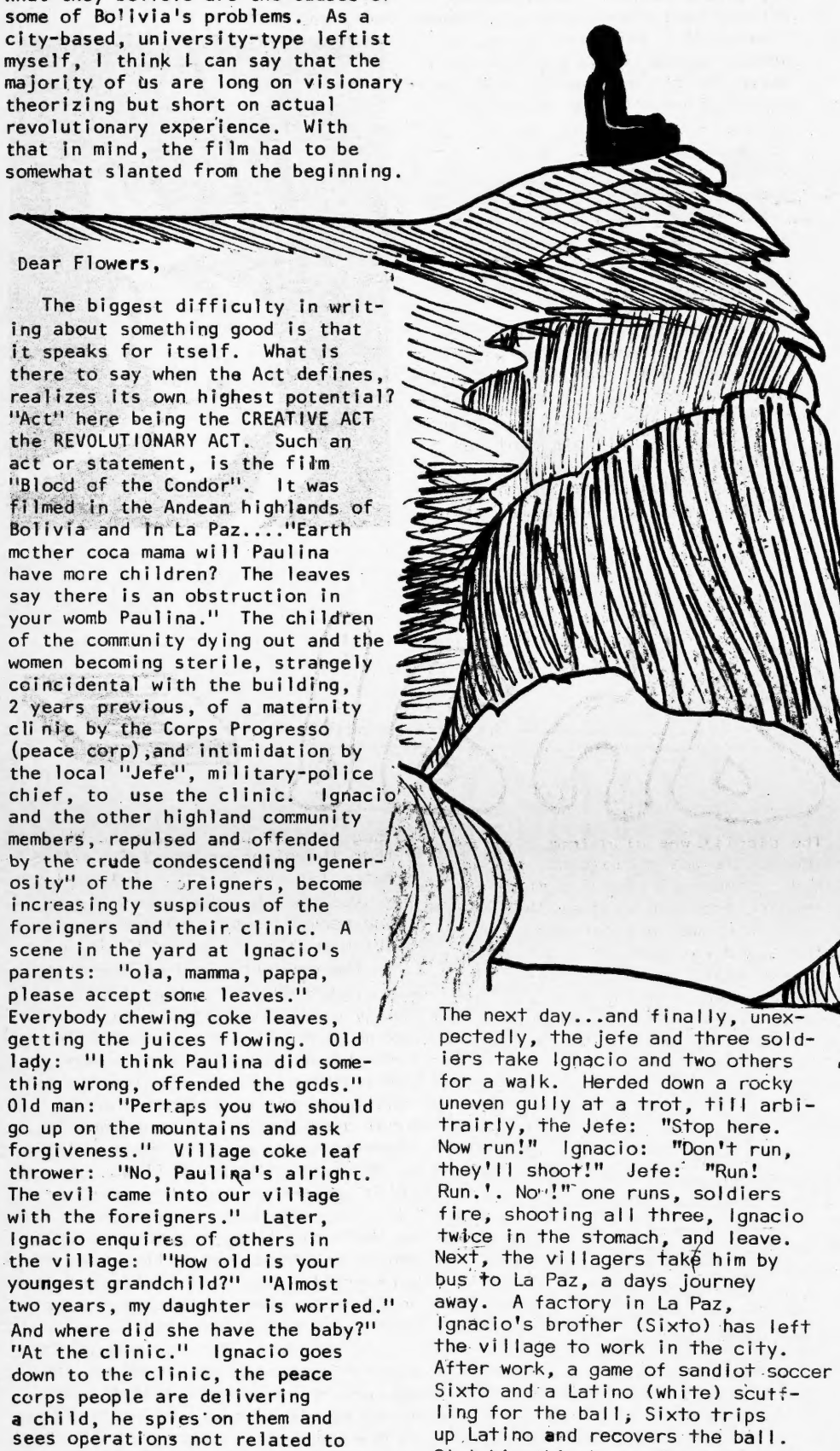
Feb. 3

Dear Flowers,

I've just finished reading "Blood of the Condor" in 1-29 Flowers and I'd like to share some thoughts. I didn't see the flim, Blood of the Condor, but from reading the article, the film sounds incredibly like a film called Yawar Mallcu that was released in Bolivia about a year and a half ago.

If these two films are one and the same, then yes, the film was made by Bolivians, however, not by the Bolivians it represents. It was actually done mostly by city-based university-type leftists to show what they believe are the causes of some of Bolivia's problems. As a city-based, university-type leftist myself, I think I can say that the majority of us are long on visionary theorizing but short on actual revolutionary experience. With that in mind, the film had to be somewhat slanted from the beginning.

Nobody thought to ask the Bolivian Indian what he wanted on the film, or what he actually thought, and therefore, filmed through the lenses of ideologues, the film in actuality becomes just another ripoff where someone else besides the people, in this case the Bolivian peasant, benefits.



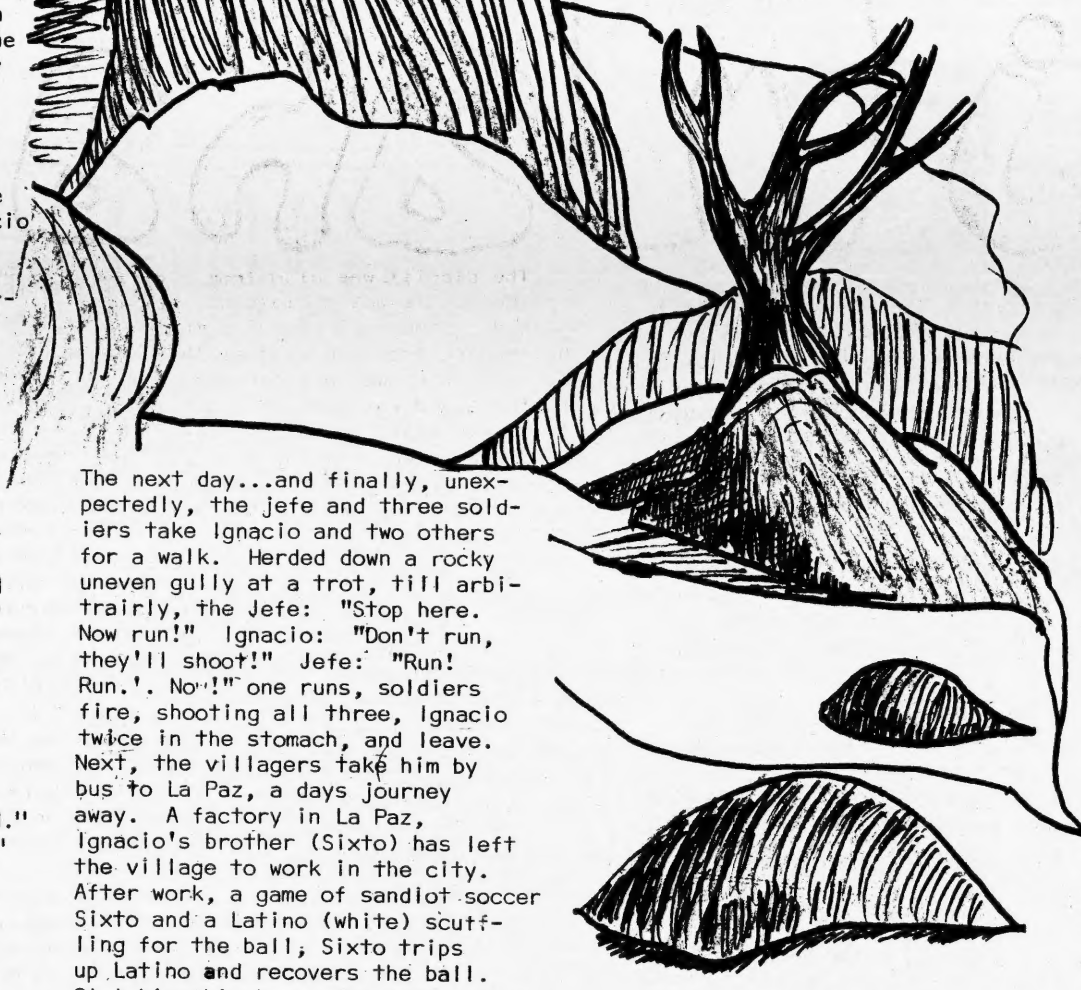
Dear Flowers,

The biggest difficulty in writing about something good is that it speaks for itself. What is there to say when the Act defines, realizes its own highest potential? "Act" here being the CREATIVE ACT the REVOLUTIONARY ACT. Such an act or statement, is the film "Blocd of the Condor". It was filmed in the Andean highlands of Bolivia and in La Paz...."Earth mother coca mama will Paulina have more children? The leaves say there is an obstruction in your womb Paulina." The children of the community dying out and the women becoming sterile, strangely coincidental with the building, 2 years previous, of a maternity clinic by the Corps Progresso (peace corp),and intimidation by the local "Jefe", military-police chief, to use the clinic. Ignacio and the other highland community members, repulsed and offended by the crude condescending "generosity" of the foreigners, become increasingly suspicous of the foreigners and their clinic. A scene in the yard at Ignacio's parents: "ola, mamma, pappa, please accept some leaves." Everybody chewing coke leaves, getting the juices flowing. Old lady: "I think Paulina did something wrong, offended the gods." Old man: "Perhaps you two should go up on the mountains and ask forgiveness." Village coke leaf thrower: "No, Paulina's alright. The evil came into our village with the foreigners." Later, Ignacio enquires of others in the village: "How old is your youngest grandchild?" "Almost two years, my daughter is worried." And where did she have the baby?" "At the clinic." Ignacio goes down to the clinic, the peace corps people are delivering a child, he spies on them and sees operations not related to normal childbirth procedures, and returns to the village disturbed. That night the men of the village ask the leaves: "Is the center responsible?" Village coke leaf thrower: "Lood, the male leaves all right side up,but the female and childrens leaves upside down next to the foreigners." The men run to the center, up on the second floor the three peace corps members are having their version of a good time-bell bottoms, booze and plastic rock. The three are dragged outside. Ignacio: "What are you doing to our women?" Amerikan broad: "Harry, what's he saying? Talk to them. They'll kill us." Ignacio: "What are you doing to our women?" P.C. Doctor: "Now wait a minute, you can't do this." Ignacio: "No! You have sterlized our women, we will sterlize you. These men want to kill you but we will castrate you instead." Three Amerikans dragged off. The next day quiet, bright sun, some warnings: "Cuidado, Ignacio, look out, the jefe knows, it's in his eyes." "Watch out for him."

The next day...and finally, unexpectedly, the jefe and three soldiers take Ignacio and two others for a walk. Herded down a rocky uneven gully at a trot, till arbitrarily, the Jefe: "Stop here. Now run!" Ignacio: "Don't run, they'll shoot!" Jefe: "Run! Run.'. No!" one runs, soldiers fire, shooting all three, Ignacio twice in the stomach, and leave. Next, the villagers take him by bus to La Paz, a days journey away. A factory in La Paz, Ignacio's brother (Sixto) has left the village to work in the city. After work, a game of sandlot soccer Sixto and a Latino (white) scuffling for the ball; Sixto trips up Latino and recovers the ball. Clutching his knee, the latino says: "Watch out stupid Indian." Sixto: "Did you see me born? I'm no Indian, it's the truth." Going home, he sees Paulina and the dying Ignacio in the street outside his room. Sixto: "Paulina, Ignacio, what's happened? He has to go to the hospital-who did it?"

They get him to the hospital and Paulina explains what's been happening in the mountains. The doctors say he's dying, needs an operation, with the blood and medicines about 700 pesos. They have between them 2 or 3. The brother spends hours trying to raise the money 5 pesos. The charity doctors send him (hurry) to Dr. Millan's clinic (he has rich clients and plenty of blood), to see if the good Dr. Millan will donate the blood. But Dr. Millan is at a luncheon and refuses to be disturbed. Sixto returns to the hospital, Ignacio is dead. Although the scenes and events I've described are in a different sequential order from the film, and not fully detailed, the final scene was so real I almost jumped in my seat.

I don't think I'll point out all the contradictions (some in the same sentence), the misinterpretations and the misleading juxtapositions in the article, however I'd like to comment on a few points. ----Class stratification in Bolivia dates back to the Spanish colonization (1500's) and is not the direct result of the incursions of Northamerican interests. And in a certain sense, class intolerance goes back earlier than this, to around 1000 AD when the Inca Empire was subjugating neighboring tribes. One of the civilizations that was "surrounded" (it was never quite destroyed) was that of the Aymaras, the Indians in the film. Today the decendants of the Incas, the Quechuas, still look down on the Aymaras.
----As near as I can determine, Northamericans have been in Bolivia since the early 1900's, (Albert Schweitzer types.) These first Americans were actually instrumental in helping start Bolivia's cultural revolution (1952--the second in Latin America after Mexico in 1910), in which armed slaves and serfs threw out the pig land-owners (Spanish and Mestizo) and redistributed the land among themselves, thereby achieving property ownership. True imperialism and foreign aggression in Bolivia has been a somewhat recent thing (last two decades) with the arrival of the Amerikan military and business interests.



Sixto and Paulina are returning to the Quecha village in the mountains. Half walking, half trotting up the slope, Sixto looks up a short distance away, we look with him (camera cuts ahead) and see-upraised arms with guns, rifles, clentched fists.

The Quecha Indians tell (act) their own story in the film, the other parts being played by actors, and various city inhabitants. Jorge Sanjines has extreme sensitivity not only to the people and social-political meanings, but also to the "Umvelt", the biological aspect of life. He uses (his camera(man)), blends with, the "vertical axis" topography of the country,so that the verticality of their life is a physical, sensory perception of the viewer. Intense shadow and light, peaks, ridges, and ravines, all emphasize and contrast the spatiality of their life.

Anyone choosing to doubt that this film is "based on a true incident" as the film society blurb says, should remember that the U.S. tried to deal with it's "Indian problem"

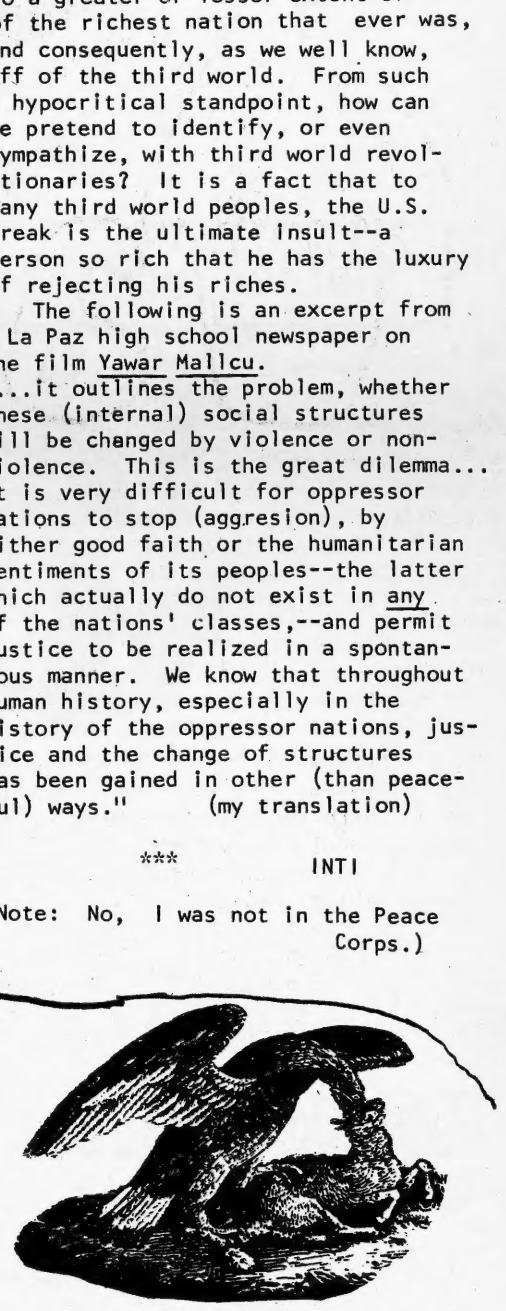
-----Sterilization of Bolivian Aymara women is a misunderstanding--a problem arising basically from the machismo of the male who can't bear to see his cunt rights tampered with. What actually occurs is that the women by their own volition request contraceptives. (How would you like having a baby every ten months for most of your life?) Then the male, no longer able to see the product of his manly sperm every year, gets pissed and forks the PC volunteer out of town. Once again no one thinks of asking the opinion of the true interest group in the problem, the women.
----Whether the Bolivian Indian should be left to return to his "peaceful (primordeal) ways" is inconsequential, as civilization is surely moving across the land. And I don't think that we ourselves are free of blame. The arrival in La Paz of the films Easy Rider and Woodstock is civilization just as much as anything else--and in fact I'd be willing to say that it is cultural imperialism of the highest degree. (To cop a chopper or the mass of electronic equipment used at Bethel - how much did it cost to pull Woodstock off? - is so far beyond almost anyone in Bolivia it is criminal.) Remember, just by living in the U.S. we are existing to a greater or lesser extent off of the richest nation that ever was, and consequently, as we well know, off of the third world. From such a hypocritical standpoint, how can we pretend to identify, or even sympathize, with third world revolutionaries? It is a fact that to many third world peoples, the U.S. freak is the ultimate insult--a person so rich that he has the luxury of rejecting his riches.

The following is an excerpt from a La Paz high school newspaper on the film Yawar Mallcu.
"...it outlines the problem, whether these (internal) social structures will be changed by violence or non-violence. This is the great dilemma... it is very difficult for oppressor nations to stop (aggresion), by either good faith or the humanitarian sentiments of its peoples--the latter which actually do not exist in any of the nations' classes,--and permit justice to be realized in a spontaneous manner. We know that throughout human history, especially in the history of the oppressor nations, justice and the change of structures has been gained in other (than peaceful) ways." (my translation)

***

INTI

(Note: No, I was not in the Peace Corps.)



in a similar way. It went like this: 1) The military has a surplus of smallpox infected blankets. 2) The government sells these blankets (at a low price-stimulates private enterprise you know) to private business (the Rockefellers, Astors and other well known Amerikan enterprenuers got their start this way.), who then 3) Trade them to the Indians for land, furs, horses, etc. The government also very generously gave these blankets to Indians who had been herded onto reservations. ONLY THE NAMES HAVE BEEN CHANGED TO PROTECT THE GUILTY.
This and other meaningful films are being shown at the U Film Society in the Museum of Natural History on University Avenue.

*marsha jones*

# FOOD CO-OP RAP

The struggle to set up a community owned grocery store is still in progress. The Community Union was informed by the Augsburg Administration that the community could set-up a store at 22nd and Riverside. After senseless waste of time, the Augsburg Administration finally recognizes that there really is a community. A fact that Heller-Segall fail to recognize to this day. After much rejoicing a joy was substituted for sadness, a brother was murdered by a pig. The community feels the power to control itself for it's own benefit, but it doesn't know yet just how powerful it can be. Alot of brothers and sisters of the West Bank are realizing that Heller-Segall, University, Augsburg etc. are really hazardous to our health. Brothers and sisters are rapping about taking over the redevelopement of our community. This is really freightening to the establishment since the sole purpose of redevelopment of the West Bank is to move us out and build high rise buildings that cost alot of money, you know, sort of take over by the Nation of Sheep or better known as the silent majority. A lot of residents are saying that no matter where you move, Heller-Segall might be there and that if we are going tostop them, the West Bank is a very good place. A chance to create a community that reflects our philosophy. The people are saying that instead of ticky-tacky rat cages, maybe build homes. What a novel idea. There are alot of ideas around. Some people are saying that it would be cool to consult with us before anything is planned or done with our lives. Our government never consults with us about anything, the institutions on the West Bank are the same way. Some people suggest that a formation of a more responsive community could be gotton together on the West Bank. It's not to play down the tremendous achievement by the Augsburg students,Community Union, and the community at large in gaining more freedom by forcing Augsburg to submit, but the Co-op is only the biggning. How about communal caffeteries or the abolishment of cars from the West Bank, how about schools in the community that teach us pertinent things to our lives instead of lies. How about legallizing grass and hiring our own peace patrol instead of downtown pigs. I talked to some older people and for the first time they dug our dream. See, it's like this, if you care for people and your ideas are reflection of your care, people will dig your ideas. The poor older folks that have been crammed in concrete boxes from first to thirtieth floor warn us, beware of government do-gooders. All of us know to distrust the establishment. At the same time we can get together to find out how we can help each other. One overworked organization, the West Bank Community Union, is making an effort to channel our frustrations to help one another.

We in the West Bank Community need one another to find out where we want to go. No one of us can get anywhere unless all of us are going. The wonderful thing is that we are just about all going. We are headed towards a society that's a dream not a nightmare like Heller-Segall has planned for us.

The Co-op will be selling shares at $2 a share. your support is needed if a Co-op is to become a reality.

It's not that we should finance everything in our community, but this is step one and we need to support it,to see how things like this work. So call 332-1992 and ask for more information. Let's get the Co-op together so we can get other things togher in the community. We may not agree on all things due to the different places our heads are in. But we all want the Co-op to become a reality and Heller-Segall to become a non-reality.

PEACE-ROMAN&MARY

## mother earth food

A Womans Group called Ototem Nobantu (Descendants of the Mother) has opened up a new healthy foods store in the Franklin-Nicollet area called Fruit of the Mother Earth. It's really far out to see all the new food stores selling healthy food. This one is doing it the same way as People's Pantry - they are supplied by the Pantry. They sell the same sane foods - grains beans, seeds, nuts, honey, molasses, and oil - all sold at cost - which makes for People's Prices. You bring your own container and help out with digging the food out of the bags and pouring it out of tins.

And if you feel like it, they can use help in watching whop. There's no pay for it, since the only money that's being made off the operation is the money that you save buying there - which is considerable. But it's fun to do and you meet nice folk.

They're set up at St Stephens Center, 2211 Clinton Av S. It'd be a good idea for people living in this area especially to take a look at it. It'd save you the trip over to People's Pantry, if you've been shopping there. this. If you're interested, go over and they'll talk with you

Support your local food store.

And if you don't have one - start one. People's Pantry people are happy to help others do about how they did it. They also can supply you with the food.

## Community Victory

A delegation of the Community Union people on Feb. 7 went to the Housing Authority's office to a meeting that initiated control of the urban renewal that is wrecking this community. The people demanded that no plans be approved for the C.-R. area without community participation, and that the plans of Cedar-Riverside Associates be sent to the Union for the community to review and find out what is really happening. Before this date HRA had refused to send any information to us about the destruction planned for this community.

After a long hassle with the head boss, Robert Purcell, the Union was able for the first time to get copies of the Associates' destructions. Purcell also committed his office to allow the Union to speak before the Housing Commissioners about any item of the destruction plans covered at any meeting of the Authority.

This is the first step for the community in getting control over the urban planning that is scheduled to wreck this community. We are now able to stand alongside Heller and Segal in public, (but closed) meetings and present the side of the people of the community.

Cedar Riverside Community Union
2000 S. Fifth St.
332-1992

## Let Them Eat Concrete

On Feb. 4th. the Board of Commissioners of the Minneapolis Housing and Redevelopment Authority (HRA) approved "in concept" and "in principle" the proposal for Cedar-Riverside Associates for the redevelopment of the Cedar-Riverside area, Stage One. This proposal involves the expenditure of millions of dollars of public funds for the private, profit-making apartment development. This decision by HRA concluded months of negotiations between the parties behind closed doors without public disclosure or discussion. in spite of HUD (Housing and Urban Development) guidelines which clearly require citizen participation in all stages of decision making and planning in the redevelopment process.

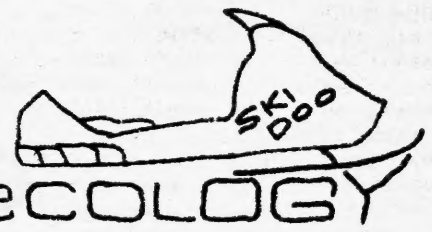
The proposal, submitted formally on Dec. 15, 1970, includes:
1) a land gift subsidy of $1,196,250. HRA will buy the land from Cedar-Riverside Properties for $1,472,250 and sell it to Cedar-West, Inc. for $276,000. Cedar-West, Inc. is described in the proposal as a "wholly owned subsidiary of Cedar-Riverside Properties".
2) a property tax fraud. State law allows a 50% property tax abatement for 15 years on FHA subsidized moderate income housing. The Cedar-Riverside proposal requests this tax abatement for a middle income, market rent apartment building. This building will be 'moderate income" in name only, and only for tax purposes. The real moderate income 2-bedroom unit in their proposal will rent for $170; the 2-bedroom unit in this building will rent for $262. For this they are requesting a 50% tax break!
3) expenditure of $1,169,000 of public funds for a plaza and bridge. The plaza will be located in the midst of their complex of buildings. Although their own plans for a pedestrian and vehicular traffic virtually prevent the public from using this plaza, they want it built entirely from public funds.

When HUD rejected the city's workable program on Nov. 24, 1970, one of their specific requirements for approval was the establishment of a Project Area Committee (PAC) for the Cedar-Riverside Urban Renewal Area. HUD specifies that the PAC must have "clear and direct access to decision making in all stages of the urban renewal process". Although the Cedar-Riverside Community Union requested recognition as the PAC for the area last spring (1970), there is no PAC ten months later. As a result, the residents have had no knowledge that these decisions were being made by HRA and the developers, to say nothing of access to making those decisions! In fact, HRA even refuses to reveal to the Union the details of their negotiations with the developers. The Union feels that the Commissioners' action of Feb. 4th is clearly an attempt to circumvent HUD requirements. Certainly the proposed expenditure of so much public money requires full and free public debate. Therefore, the Community Union demands that the Commissioners rescind their action and provide for the citizen participation which HUD guidelines require.

Taken from a Cedar-Riverside Community Union leaflet. 2/9/71

## Reader Write On...

## ECOLOGY



Dear Brother and Sister Ecologists,

Now is the time for all people who have concerned themselves with the preservation of our fast vanishing wilderness to come up in arms against one of our most hazardous enemies, the snowmobile.

This wicked, loud, polluting, seedling-stomping little gadget for the idle mind has enabled the epitome of the big game hunter to seek out and run down (for kicks) every wild beast in its natural habitat.

It seems that through legislation we can put the needed restrictions on our race and their deplorable little machines. (people's legislation) Designated areas such as lakes, of which fish houses have already taken their toll, would be sufficient. A set curfew would help keep those who most sneak into productive fields with their wire cutters---out! A fine set on any snowmobiles found with a pair of wire cutters would certainly discourage gnawing their way into people's land for their momentary thrill.

Save our forests; our soil; and our wild life; the existing threats are imminent; the snowmobile represents immediate destruction.

*Sincerely,*

*Jim Dimmers*

*Marine on the St. Croix*

# Food for Thought

## Black Bean Soup

3 cups black beans
3 tbsp. celery leaves or
2 stalks celery
1 onion chopped fine
2 cloves garlic
basil
cayenne
juice of 1 or 2 lemons

Soak beans overnight in six cups water. Then add everything else and cook until tender. Add salt to taste and cook 5 more minutes. Puree in a blender or a food mill and garnish with hard boiled eggs.

## More on Beans

Beans are a good source of protein; a valuable addition to a vegetarian diet especially. Eating beans regularly plus a combination of grains daily (rice and wheat, or corn and beans, or whatever) gives an adequate amount of a complete protein. Protein is something people always worry about not getting enough of if they don't eat meat.

Beans should be soaked overnight or for several hours before they are cooked, and they should be cooked until they are quite soft. Otherwise they are hard to digest and will give you gas. Onions and garlic are good with just about any kind of bean, and cumin cooked with red beans give them that delicious Mexican taste. If you add salt before the beans are thoroughly cooked they will not get soft but will remain somewhat hard. This is not good. It is better to wait until they are done and then add salt to taste. They may then be cooked 5 minutes longer just to get the salt into them. Other spices or herbs are best cooked along with the beans.

## food consultants

Learning how to eat is one of the most important things we've got to do as revolutionaries. If you'd like some help doing it, the Peoples Center has Natural Foods Consultants on duty every night it's open. These people practice good eating themselves. So they can tell you what they know about cooking and what they have found to be good things to eat. Anyone just starting to get into vegetarian eating might be particularly interested in this.

## welfare diet bores the rich

Concord, N.H., Jan.27 - Gov. Walter Peterson and his family tried eating on a welfare budget for a week. An aide said they had to cheat because they didn't like the menu.

Mrs. Peterson said she found eating "a la welfare" boring. The diet was part of a program sponsored by the New Hampshire Council of Churches.

from the Daily World

## there must be a better way

Welfare diets are substandard almost by definition and the results are inescapable: Listlessness and lack of energy for adults and children alike. "The kids go to school most of the time with nothing at all," complains a militant New York welfare mother. Now when they do that they're gonna nod. They're gonna be nodding all the time. And the teacher can call on them from 9 until doomsday and their minds ain't gonna catch on."

Food stamp programs now run in concert with welfare were supposed to guard against such situations. But there is often a catch in the system: a welfare mother has to buy her full allotment of food stamps or none at all. "I can't ever get that much money together after paying my bills,"says Mrs. Nancy Nerby of Los Angeles, who has been on welfare for a year and is entitled to buy $75 worth of food stamps for $55. Instead,says the white, 36 year old, divorced mother of five, "I end up splitting a pound of hamburger six ways or trying to feed the kids on four wieners. . . Sometimes I could sit down and cry."

from Newsweek, January 8

## necessity knows no law

"Cardinal Manning long ago proclaimed that 'necessity knows no law' and that 'the starving man has a right to a share of his neighbor's bread.' Cardinal Manning was an ecclesiastic steeped in the traditions of the Church, which has always been on the side of the rich against the poor. But he had some humanity and he knew that hunger is a compelling force. You, too, will have to learn that you have a right to share your neighbor's bread. Your neighbors - they have not only stolen your bread, but they are sapping your blood. They will go on robbing you, your children, and your children's children, unless you wake up, unless you become daring enough to demand your rights. Well, then, demonstrate before the palaces of the rich: demand work. If they do not give you work, demand bread. If they deny you both, take bread. It is your sacred right!

from the autobiography of Emma Goldman

## diet decides fate of nations

The widespread use of refined foods throughout Europe (and America) and the penalty which must inevitably result kept reminding me of a paper read by Dr. Agnes Fay Morgan, famous for her work in nutrition, before the International Physiological Congress held in Moscow in 1937. In it she analyzed the diets of various nations and predicted the probable consequences. She pointed out that the Russians, with their large intake of completely unrefined black bread, even then fortified with vitamin C which they were extracting from pine needles, would steadily gain in strength as a world power. The Germans who, in addition to a generally wholesome diet, were then using large amounts of food yeasts, could be expected to maintain their health. The high consumption of tea instead of milk, of tea "cakes", refined breadstuffs, and overboiled beef and vegetables indicated that England would not long maintain her domi nant position in world affairs. Dr. Morgan stressed that the white bread of the French, made with wild yeast, contained even less B vitamins than our own refined products; and that wines were so lacking in nutritive value that the French could be expected to become a progressively weaker nation. Although all of her predictions were shown to be accurate in less than a decade, we find the unhappy trend still operative.

from along the backroads of Europe
by Adelle Davis

## day-care, anyone?

**Southside mothers are getting a day-care center going. It will be set up as a cooperative, with each mother donating a little time and whatever else she can. Besides having a place where our children can be together and giving us a little free time, we plan to have pure foods which is vital for the development of body and mind. Anyone interested in joining the co-op can call Shirley at 338-1178 or 827-3381. We'll set up a meeting in about a week.**

## HERBS

## Garlic Cure

Ever since the days of Egypt and Babylon, people have known of the healing powers of garlic. The Egyptians fed their slaves this wonderful bulb, the Phoneicians and Vikings took it on sea journeys. During the last century in London, during a fever epidemic in the poor sections, the French who used garlic in their cookery were able to visit their sick with no fear of the illness, whereas the English clergy often got sick.

The Russians have done considerable experimenting with the miraculous bulb -- using it by inhaling the vaporized juice. It has been called the "Russian Penicillin." Garlic has been found to contain vitamins A, B, C, and the minerals manganese, copper, zinc, sulfur, iron, calcium, and chlorine.

Garlic is antiseptic, stimulant, stomachic and expectorant. It's antiseptic qualities render disease producing viruses and bacteria harmless in hours but promote growth of the benificial bacteria. It is therefore far superior to many chemical antiseptics which kill indiscriminately. Garlic has been found useful for preventing and curing colds. Placing garlic juice directly on a sore will cure of prevent infection. A clove placed in the ear will stop an ear ache. Because of it's stomachic properties it helps in digestion by stimulating gastric juices and reducing harmful intestinal flora which cause gas, diarrhea, etc. It encourages the helpful bacteria which help digest the food and aid assimilation. Garlic boiled in milk is good for worms.

It's expectorant qualities make it excellent in all types of lung troubles. It has cured tuberculosis, the juice being inhaled. I have made Syrup of Garlic and tried it and know it to be very effective with coughs, often stoping them immediately. It is useful for asthma, hoarseness, difficult breathing and chronic bronchitus.

Syrup of Garlic

Pour one quart boiling water over one pound sliced fresh root and let stand covered for twelve hours. Strain and add sufficient sugar to make a syrup. Vinegar and honey make good additions. Caraway and fennel, bruised and boiled in the vinegar a short time will cover the smell of the garlic. You may use this as often as you wish.

Try using garlic as a seasoning in your cooking, or follow the Bulgarian practice of chewing garlic regularly (Many Bulgarians live over 100 years in good health) My friends and I have found it easiest to eat with a small piece of bread. If you don't care for the garlic breath, nibble parsley. If you don't care to eat it, cut a clove in quarters and swallow them with a glass of water. Or, garlic concentrate has been made up in little capsules and is sold at health food stores.

# CALENDAR

## FRIDAY 12 ♍

Max Swanson - multilingual folk music, Extemp, 8pm, 50¢

"Bellville Band" - New Riverside Cafe, 9pm, $1

"Lemon Pepper"- North Star Ballroom St Paul Studt Center, 9pm, $1.25

"The Organizer" & "The Battle of Algiers" the first is a film about textile worker's strike in Italy, the second about the Algierian revolt of 1954, U Film Society, Museum of Nat'l History, 7:30, 10pm $1.25

"Room Service" - Marx Brothers, Acme Film, 7½ E 26th, 8, 10, midnight, $1

"Caprice", "Insects and Lovers" Minnesota Dance Co, Cedar Village Theatre, 8pm, $2, $1 stud.

"Faust" - 1926- FW Murnau film Xanadu Film Fextival, 1209 4th St SE, 8, 10, $1

"Konga", sequel to King Cong, Strike Film, 9 & 10:30, $1

"The Big Broadcast" of 1938, W C Fields, Bob Hope, Encore Film, Museum of Nat'l History, 7:30 & 9:30, &1

## SATURDAY 13 ♍

Steve Klatt & Tom Gravelin - folk music, Extemp, 8pm, 50¢

Rosalie Sorrels, she wrote songs for the new Jeff Airplane album, Riverside Cafe, 9pm, 75¢

"The Three Little Pigs" & "The Three Billy Goats Gruff", Childrens Theatre of the Mpls Inst of Art, 11am, $1.50

"Dancing Playground" and workshop for children, Nancy Hauser Dance Co, Guild of Performing Arts, 3pm $2.50, $1 children

Brian Carney - "The Whole", Coffman, 9pm, $1.50

"The Organizer" & "The Battle of Algiers", U Film Society, Museum of Natural History, 7:30, 10, $1.25

"Caprice" & "Insects and Lovers" Minnesota Dance Co, Cedar Village Theatre, 8pm, $2, $1 studts

"Room Service", Acme Film, 8, 10, midnight, $1

"Destiny" - 1921 Fritz Lang flick, Xanadu Film, 8, 10, $1

"Konga", Strike Film, 9 & 10:30, $1

## SUNDAY 14 ♎

"Skogie and the Flaming Pachucos" with their electric bassoon!!! Extemp, 8pm, 50¢

"Mama's Home Cookin'" - Barn dance!! Riverside Cafe, 9pm

"Exuma" & "The Mystics", Melby Hall, Augsburg College, 8pm $3,$2

"Seminole Indians" film, Museum of Nat'l History, 3:30, free

## MONDAY 15 ♎♏

CHINESE NEW YEAR "YEAR OF THE PIG"

## TUESDAY 16 ♏

Open Stage Riverside Cafe, 9pm, 25¢

"The Outcasts of Poker Flat" 1952 movie with Ann Baxter, Institute of Art, 8pm, free

## WEDNESDAY 17 ♏

"Duke Sandwiches Jug Band", nude and depraved at the Extemp, 8, 25¢

"Middlespunk Creek Boys", New Riverside Cafe, 9pm, 50¢

"A Star is Born", Judy Garland Film, Public Library, 8pm, $1

"Virgin President" Coffman Union Films, Main Ballroom, 7 & 9pm, $1

"The Heroes of Telemark", Encore Film Club, Mus of Natl History, 7:30pm

## THURSDAY 18 ♏♐

Open Stage, call 'em and tell 'em you're playing, Extemp, 8pm, 25¢

Papa John Kolstad & Soupy "BB" Milton, New Riverside Cafe, 9, 50¢

"Voyage of Silence" French film about Portuguese migrant workers in Paris, U Film Soc, 7:30, 9:30, $1

"Virgin President", Main Ballroom, Coffman Union, 7, 9pm, $1

"John Denver", Northrup Auditorium, 8pm, $3

## FRIDAY 19 ♐

Charlie Rushton, Riverside Cafe, 9:

"Railroad Man" & "Toni", neo-realist films by Germi & Renoir, U Film, 7:30, 9:30, $1.25

"The 5000 Fingers of Dr T" - Stanley Kramer, producer, Dr Seuss, writer, Piper Film Club 8, 10, midnight, $1

"Fanfaranade", "La Rencontre", "Chronicles", Minn. Dance Co, Cedar Village Theatre, 8pm, $2, $1 studts

"Gold Rush" - Charlie Chaplin - Acme Film, 8, 10, midnight, $1

"M" 1931 Fritz Lang movie with Peter Lorre, Xanadu, 8, 10pm, $1

"Sly and the Family Stone", "Mystics", Met Center, Hwy 494 & Cedar, 8pm, $4.50, $5.50 at door

Dave Haney, "ragtime", Extemp, 8pm, 50¢

"Back Street", drama with Susan Hayward, Strike Film 9:00 & 10:30pm, $1

## SATURDAY 20 ♐♑

"Back Street", Strike Film Co-op, 9 & 10:30, $1

Scott Alrik - folk, Extemp, 8, 50¢

Mr Tommy Ray New Riverside Cafe, 9pm, 75¢

"The Three Little Pigs" & "The Three Billy Goats Gruff", Children Theatre Co, 11am, $1.50

"Railroad Man" & "Toni", U Film Society, 7:30, 9:30, $1.25

"The 5000 Fingers of Dr T", Piper Film, 8, 10, midnight, $1

"Savoy Brown","Small Faces","The Grease Band", Met Center, 8pm, $4 advance, $5 at the door

"Fanfaranade","La Rencontre", "Chronicles", Minn Dance Co, Cedar Village Theatre, 8pm, $1

"Gold Rush" - Acme Film Fest, 8, 10, midnight, $1

"The Private Life of Hanry XIII" with Charles Laughton, 1933, Xanadu, 8, 10, $1

Michael Hauser, flamenco guitarist "Opus Musicale", Guild of Performing Arts, also Mim Solberg will read Garcia Lorca poetry. 10pm, $3, $2 studts

## SUNDAY 21 ♑

"Cassidy", Extemp, 8pm, 50¢

Chris Webber, New Riverside Cafe 9pm, 50¢

"Sign of Zorro", Student Center Films, North Star Ballroom, 8pm, 75¢

"The 5000 Fingers of Dr T", Piper Film, 8pm, $1

"Peoples Night", Minnesota Dance Co, Cedar Village Theatre, 8pm, donate what you can.

## MONDAY 22 ♑

University Symphony Orchestra - Woodwind Quartet - Opus Musicale Guild of Performing Arts, 8pm, $3, $2 students.

## TUESDAY 23 ♒

Open Stage, Riverside Cafe, 9pm, 25¢

## WEDNESDAY 24 ♒♓

"Funny Face", Fred Astaire, Audrey Hepburn film, Mpls Public Library, 8pm, $1

"Red Desert" by Antonioni, U Film Society, 8pm, $1.25

Dave Fennoy - Extemp, 8pm, 25¢

"Mama's Home Cookin'", New Riverside Cafe, 9pm, 50¢

## THURSDAY 25 ♓

Betty Boop, Extemp, 8pm, 25¢

Jim Leier & Dave Haney, New Riverside Cafe, 9pm

"Red Desert", U Film Society, 8pm, $1.25

## CONTINUINGS

"Jerusalem", story of the Childrens Crusade when thousands of children were sent off and betrayed by their parents to sponsor one of the "Crusades", Childrens Theatre; thurs, 18th fri, 19th, sat, 20th: 8pm. sat, 13th, 20th, sun 14th, 21st: 2pm. $1.50

"Miss Julie"by Strindberg, "Riders to the Sea" by Synge, "The Marriage Proposal" by Chekhov. Three One Acts at Theatre of Involvement, feb 18-21, 25, 8pm, $1

"Funhouse Play", play for dancers, Nancy Hauser Dance Co, Fuild of Performing Arts, feb 12, 14 - 8pm, feb 13 - 7 & 10pm, $3, $2 studts

"Automobile Graveyard" by Fernandc Arrabel, Univ Theatre, Shevlin Hall, Feb 23-28, 8pm, $1.50

"Hamlet", University Theatre, Scott Hall, feb 11 - 13, 8pm, feb 14, 3:30 pm, $2.75, $1.50

"Hot Flashes on the Arctic Tundra" Brave New Workshop, feb 11 - 8pm, feb 13 - 8, 10, midnight, feb 17, 21, 24 - 8pm, feb 19 - 8, 10pm $1

"Foreplay and Afterthought", Brave New Workshop, feb 12 - 8, 10pm, feb 20 - 8, 10, midnight, feb 14, 16, 18, 23, 25 - 8pm, $1

"Shorts of Fun", WC Fields, Charlie Chaplin, Laurel & Hardy, Road Runner - Piper Film CLub, feb 12, 13 - 8 10, midnight, feb 14 - 8pm $1

"The Whole" in Coffman Union has local talent every thursday, friday, sat, 9-12pm, $1

"Super Psychadelic Adoration of Cosmic Energy" New Center of Consciousness, 1841 E Lake St, every friday, saturday & sunday, 8pm $1.50

Beginning Modern Dance, New Center of Consciousness, 1841 E Lake St, tuesdays, 7:30-9pm & saturdays 11-12:30, $1 per session

The Art of the Light Show, New Center of Consciousness, 1841 E Lake, sundays 1:-3:pm, $1 session

Beginning Yoga, New Center of Consciousness, sundays 3-5pm, $1

"The Female Eye" - an all-women art show at the Guild of Performing Arts, feb 7-27.

"Alexander's Death"-a play written and directed by Charles Nolte, historical drama about ambition, conspiracy and intrigue - Theatre in the Round, 245 Cedar, feb 11-13 19-21; 8pm, $3, $2 studts


FAMILY TIRE
5452 LYNDALE AV. S
825 4451
BRIDGESTONE TIRES
DEALERS IN QUALITY TIRES
PAGE SILTGON
GOOD PEOPLE